

APPENDIX,

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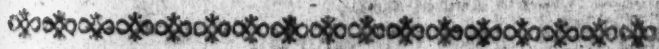
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H Y M N S,

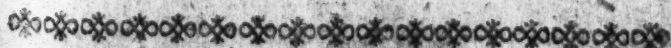
Taken chiefly from

Dr. *W A T T S*'s

SCRIPTURAL COLLECTION.



And they sung a new Song, &c. Rev. V. 9.



B O S T O N :

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HYMN I.

Rev. V. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

BEHOLD the Glories of the Lamb
amidst his Father's Throne ;
Prepare new Honours for his Name,
and Songs before unknown.

2. Let Elders worship at his Feet,
the Church adore around,

With Vials full of Odours sweet,
with Harps of sweetest Sound.

3. Those are the offer'd Prayers of Saints,
and these the Hymns they raise :

Jesus is kind to our Complaints,
He loves to hear our Praise,

4. Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
be endless Blessings paid ;

Salvation, Glory, Joy remain
for ever on thy Head.

5. Thou hast redeem'd our Souls with Blood,
hast set the Pris'ners free,

Hast made us Kings and Priests to God,
and we shall reign with Thee.

6. The Worlds of Nature and of Grace
are put beneath thy Pow'r ;

Then shorten these delaying Days,
and bring the promis'd Hour.

HYMN II.

Isa. LV. 1, 2, &c.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,
and ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the Gospel sounds
with an inviting Voice.
2. Ho ! all ye hungry starving Souls,
that feed upon the Wind,
And vainly strive with earthly Toys
to fill an empty Mind :
3. Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
a Soul-reviving Feast,
And bids your longing Appetites
the rich Provision taste.
4. Ho ! ye that pant for living Streams,
and pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging Thirst
with Springs that never dry.
5. Rivers of Love and Mercy here
in a rich Ocean join ;
Salvation in Abundance flows,
like Floods of Milk and Wine.
6. Ye perishing and naked Poor,
who work with mighty Pain,
To weave a Garment of your own,
that will not hide your Sin ;
7. Come naked and adorn your Souls,
in Robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the Labours of his Son,
and dy'd in his own Blood.
8. Dear Lord ! the Treasures of thy Love
are everlasting Mines,
Deep as our helpless Miseries are,
and boundless as our Sins.

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Isa. LV.

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9. The happy Gates of Gospel-Grace
stand open Night and Day ;
Lord, we are come to seek Supplies,
and drive our Wants away.

H Y M N III.

Isa. XXVI, 1—5.

- 1 **H**OW honourable is the Place
where we adoring stand,
Glorious, the Glory of the Earth,
and Beauty of the Land !
2 Bulwarks of mighty Grace defend
the City where we dwell ;
The Walls of strong Salvation made,
defy th' Assaults of Hell.
3 Lift up the everlasting Gates,
the Doors wide open bring ;
Enter ye Nations that obey
the Statutes of our King.
4 Here shall you taste unmingled Joys,
and live in perfect Peace ;
You that have known *Jehovah's* Name,
and ventur'd on his Grace.
5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
and banish all your Fears ;
Strength in the Lord *Jehovah* dwells,
eternal as his Years.

H Y M N IV.

Isa. LV. 1, 2. Zech. XIII. 1. Mic. VII. 19. &c.

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our Lives
to gather empty Wind,
The choicest Blessings Earth can yield
will starve a hungry Mind.

A 3

2. Come,

2. Come, and the Lord shall feed our Souls
with more substantial Meat :
With such as Saints in Glory love,
with such as Angels eat.
3. Our God will every Want supply,
and fill our Hearts with Peace ;
He gives by Cov'nant and by Oath
the Riches of his Grace.
4. Come, and He'll cleanse our spotted Souls,
and wash away our Stains
In the dear Fountain that his Son
pour'd from his dying Veins.
5. Our Guilt shall vanish all away,
tho' black as Hell before ;
Our Sins shall sink beneath the Sea,
and shall be found no more.
6. And lest Pollution should o'er-spread
our inward Pow'rs again,
His Spirit shall bedew our Souls
like purifying Rain.
7. Our Heart, that flinty stubborn Thing,
that Terrors cannot move,
That fears no Threatnings of his Wrath,
shall be dissolv'd by Love.
8. Or He can take the Flint away,
that would not be refin'd,
And from the Treasures of his Grace
bestow a softer Mind.
9. There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
and deep engrave his Law,
And ev'ry Motion of our Souls
to swift Obedience draw.
10. Thus

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10. Thus will He pour Salvation down,
and we shall render Praise;
We the dear People of his Love,
and He our God of Grace.

HYMN V.

Isa. LII. 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. XIII. 16, 17.

HOW beauteous are their Feet
who stand on *Sion's* Hill,
Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
and Words of Peace reveal!
2. How charming is their Voice!
how sweet the Tidings are!
“ *Sion* behold thy Saviour King,
“ He reigns and triumphs here.

3. How happy are our Ears,
that hear this joyful Sound,
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
and fought but never found!

4. How blessed are our Eyes,
that see this heav'nly Light;
Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,
but dy'd without the Sight!

5. The Watchmen join their Voice,
and tuneful Notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth with Songs,
and Desarts learn the Joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his Arm
thro' all the Earth abroad;
Let ev'ry Nation now behold
their Saviour and their God.

HYMN VI.

1 Pet. I. 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **B**LEST be the everlasting God,
the Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding Mercy prais'd,
his Majesty ador'd.
2. When from the Dead He rais'd his Son,
and call'd Him to the Sky,
He gave our Souls a lively Hope
that they should never die.
3. What tho' our inbred Sins require
our Flesh to see the Dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
so all his Followers must.
4. There's an Inheritance divine
reserv'd against that Day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
and cannot waste away.
5. Saints by the Pow'r of God are kept,
till the Salvation come;
We walk by Faith as Strangers here,
till Christ shall call us Home.

HYMN VII.

Isa. XXVI. 8.—20.

- 1 **I**N thine own Ways, O God of Love,
We wait the Visits of thy Grace;
Our Soul's Desire is to thy Name,
And the Remembrance of thy Face.
2. My Thoughts are searching, Lord, for Thee,
Amongst the Shades of lonesome Night:
My earnest Pray'rs ascend the Skies
Before the Dawn restores the Light.

3. Look

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3. Look how rebellious Men, deride
The tender Patience of my God ;
But they shall see thy lifted Hand,
And feel the Scourges of thy Rod.

4. Hark ! the Eternal rends the Sky,
A mighty Voice before Him goes,
A Voice of Musick to his Friends,
But threatening Thunder to his Foes.

5. Come, Children, to your Father's Arms,
Hide in the Chambers of my Grace,
Till the fierce Storms be overblown,
And my revenging Fury cease.

H Y M N VIII.

Isa. XL. 27, 28, 29, 30.

1. **W**Hence do our mournful Tho'ts arise ?
and where's our Courage fled ?
Has restless Sin and raging Hell
struck all our Comforts dead ?
2. Have we forgot th' almighty Name
that form'd the Earth and Sea ?
And can an all-creating Arm
grow weary or decay ?

3. Treasures of everlasting Might
in our *Jehovah* dwell ;
He gives the Conquest to the weak,
and treads their Foes to Hell.

4. Mere mortal Power shall fade and die,
and youthful Vigour cease,
But we that wait upon the Lord
shall feel our Strength increase.

5. The Saints shall mount on Eagles Wings,
and taste the promis'd Bliss,
'Till their unwearied Feet arrive
where perfect Pleasure is.

HYMN IX.

Isa. XLIX. 13, 14, &c.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward Joys arise,
and burst into a Song ;
Almighty Love inspires my Heart,
and Pleasure tunes my Tongue.
2. God on his thirsty *Sion*-Hill
some Mercy-Drops has thrown
And solemn Oaths have bound his Love
to show'r Salvation down.
3. Why do we then indulge our Fears,
Suspicious and Complaints ?
Is He a God, and shall his Grace
grow weary of his Saints ?
4. Can a kind Woman e'er forget
the Infant of her Womb,
Among a thousand tender Thoughts
her Suckling have no room ?
5. " Yet, saith the Lord, should Nature change,
" and Mothers Monsters prove,
" *Sion* still dwells upon the Heart,
" of everlasting Love.
6. " Deep on the Palms of both my Hands
" I have engrav'd her Name ;
" My Hands shall raise her ruin'd Walls
" and build her broken Frame.

HYMN

HYMN x, xi.

11

HYMN X.

Rev. VII, 13, &c.

1 **T**Hese glorious Minds how bright they shine,
whence all their white Array ?

How come they to the happy Seats
of everlasting Day ?

2. From tort'ring Pains to endless Joys
on fiery Wheels they rode,

And strangely wash'd their Raiment white
in *Jesus*' dying Blood.

3. Now they approach a spotless God,
and bow before his Throne,
Their warbling Harps and sacred Songs
adore the holy One.

4. The unvail'd Glories of his Face
amongst his Saints reside,
While the rich Treasure of his Grace,
sees all their Wants supply'd.

5. Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls
and Hunger flee as fast ;
The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree
shall be their sweet Repast,

6. The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly Flock
where living Fountains rise,
And Love divine shall wipe away
the Sorrows of their Eyes.

HYMN XI.

Rev. XV. 3, &c.

1 **W**E sing the Glories of thy Love,
we found thy dreadful Name ;
The Christian Church unites the Songs
Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

2. Great

2. Great God, how wondrous are thy Works
of Vengeance and of Grace ?
Thou King of Saints, almighty Lord,
how just and true thy Ways ?
3. Who dares refuse to fear thy Name,
or worship at thy Throne ?
Thy Judgments speak thine Holiness
thro' all the Nations known.

HYMN XII.

John XVI. 16, Luke XXII, 19. John XIV. 3.

1. **J**ESUS is gone above the Skies,
Where our weak Senses reach Him not,
And carnal Objects court our Eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our Thought.
2. He knows what wandering Hearts we have
Apt to forget his lovely Face ;
And to refresh our Minds He gave
These kind Memorials of his Grace.
3. The Lord of Life this Table spread
With his own Flesh and dying Blood ;
We on the rich Provision feed,
And taste the Wine, and bless our God,
4. Let sinful Sweets be all forgot,
And Earth grow less in our Esteem ;
Christ and his Love fill ev'ry Thought,
And Faith and Hope be fix'd on Him.
5. While He is absent from our Sight
Tis to prepare our Souls a Place,
That we may dwell in heavenly Light,
And live for ever near his Face.

6. Our

6. Our Eyes look upwards to the Hills
 Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
 We wait thy Chariots awful Wheels
 To fetch our longing Spirits Home.

H Y M M XIII.

Luke XIV. 17, 22, 23.

1. **H**OW sweet and awful is the Place
 with *Christ* within the Doors,
 While everlasting Love displays
 the choicest of her Stores !
2. Here ev'ry Bowel of our God
 with soft Compassion rolls,
 Here Peace and Pardon bought with Blood
 is Food for dying Souls.
3. While all our Hearts, and all our Songs,
 join to admire the Feast,
 Each of us cry with thankful Tongues,
 " Lord, why was I a Guest ?
4. " Why was I made to hear thy Voice,
 " and enter while there's Room ;
 " When thousands make a wretched Choice
 " and rather starve than come ?
5. 'Twas the same Love that spread the Feast,
 that sweetly forc'd us in,
 Else we had still refus'd to taste.
 and perish'd in our Sin,
6. Pity the Nations, O our God,
 constrain the earth to come ;
 Send thy victorious Word abroad,
 and bring the Strangers Home.

7. We

14 H Y M N xiii, xiv, xv.

7. We long to see thy Churches full,
that all the chosen Race,
May with one Voice, and Heart, and Soul,
sing thy redeeming Grace,

H Y M N XIV.

Solomon's Song I. 7.

1 **T**HOU whom my Soul admires above
All earthly Joys and earthly Love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd. let me know

Where doth thy sweetest Pasture grow ?

2. Where is the Shadow of that Rock,
That from the Sun defends thy Flock ?

Fain would I feed among thy Sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3. Why should thy Bride appear like one
That turns aside to Paths unknown ?

My constant Feet would never rove,
Would never seek another Love.

4. The Footsteps of thy Flock I see ;
Thy sweetest Pastures here they be ;

A wondrous Feast thy Love prepares,
Bought with thy Wounds, and Groans & Tears.

5. His dearest Flesh He makes my Food,
And bids me drink his richest Blood :

Here to these Hills my Soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

H Y M N XV.

Solomon's Song II. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 **T**HE Voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the Rocks and rising Grounds ;
O'er Hills of Guilt, and Seas of Grief,
He leaps, He flies to my Relief.

2. Now

2. Now thro' the Veil of Flesh I see.
With Eyes of Love He looks at me ;
Now in the Gospel's clearest Glass
He shows the Beauties of his Face.

3. Gently He draws my Heart along,
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue :
" Rise," saith my Lord, " make haste away,
" No mortal Joys are worth thy Stay.
4. " The *Jewish* wintry State is gone,
" The Mists are fled, the Spring comes on,
" The sacred Turtle-Dove we hear
" Proclaim the new, the joyful Year.

5. " Th' immortal Vine of heav'nly Root,
" Blossoms and buds, and gives her Fruit."
Lo, we are come to taste the Wine :
Our Souls rejoice and blest the Vine.
6. And when we hear our *Jesus* say,
" Rise up my Love, make haste away" ?
Our Hearts would fain out-fly the Wind,
And leave all earthly Loves behind.

H Y M N. XVI.

Solomon's Song III. 2, 11.

1 **D**AUGHTERS of *Sion*, come, behold
The Crown of Honor and of Gold,
Which the glad Church with Joys unknown
Plac'd on the Head of *Solomon*.

2. *Jesus*, thou everlasting King,
Accept the Tribute which we bring :
Accept the well-deserv'd Renown,
And wear our Praises as thy Crown.

3. Let every Act of Worship be
Like our Esponsals, Lord, to Thee ;

Like

Like the dear Hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy Pledge of Love.

4. The Gladness of that happy Day,
Our Hearts would wish it long to stay ;
Nor let our Faith forsake its Hold,
Nor Comfort sink, nor Love grow cold.

5. Still may each Minute as it flies,
Increase thy Praise, improve our Joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy Name
At the great Supper of the Lamb.

6. O that the Months would roll away,
And bring that Coronation-Day !
The King of Grace shall fill the Throne
With all his Father's Glories on.

H Y M N XVII.

Isa. LVII. 15, 16.

1. **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,
“ I sit upon my holy Throne :

“ My Name is God. I dwell on high ;

“ Dwell in my own Eternity.

2. “ But I descend to Worlds below,

“ On Earth I have a Mansion too ;

“ The humble Spirit and contrite

“ Is an Abode of my Delight.

3. “ The humble Soul my Words revive,

“ I bid the mourning Sinner live ;

“ Heal all the broken Hearts I find,

“ And ease the Sorrows of the Mind.

4. “ When I contend against their Sin,

“ I make them know how vile they've been ;

“ But should my Wrath for ever smoke,

“ Their Souls would sink beneath my Stroke,

5. O

5. O may thy pard'ning Grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die !
Thus shall our better Thoughts approve
The Methods of thy chast'ning Love.

H Y M N XVII.

Matt. V. 3.—12.

1 **B**LEST are the humble Souls that see
Their Emptiness and Poverty ;
Treasures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.

2. Blest are the Men of broken Heart,
Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart ;
The Blood of *Christ* divinely flows
A healing Balm for all their Woes.

3. Blest are the Meek, who stand afar
From Rage and Passion, Noise and War ;
God will secure their happy State
And plead their Cause against the Great.

4. Blest are the Souls that thirst for Grace,
Hunger and long for Righteousness ;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living Streams and living bread.

5. Blest are the Men whose Bowels move
And melt with Sympathy and Love ;
From *Christ* the Lord they shall obtain
Like Sympathy and Love again ;

6. Blest are the Pure, whose Hearts are clean
From the defiling Powers of Sin ;
With endless Pleasures they shall see
A God of spotless Purity.

7. Blest are the Men of peaceful Life,
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife ;

They

18 H Y M N xviii, xix, xx.

They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss,
The Sons of God, the God of Peace.
8. Blest are the Suff'ers who partake
Of Pain and Shame for *Jesus'* sake ;
Their Souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and Joy are their Reward.

H Y M N XIX.

2 Tim. I. 12.

- 1 **I**'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
the Glory of his Cross.
2. *Jesus*, my God ! I know his Name,
his Name is all my Trust ;
Nor will He put my Soul to Shame,
nor let my Hope be lost.
3. Firm as his Throne his Promise stands
and He can well secure
What I've committed to his Hands,
till the decisive Hour.
4. Then will He own my worthless Name,
before his Father's Face,
And in the new *Jerusalem*
appoint my Soul a Place,

H Y M N XX.

2 Cor. 1, 5,—8.

- 1 **T** Here is a House not made with Hands,
eternal and on high,
And here my Spirit waiting stands
till God shall bid it fly.
2. Shortly this Prison of my Clay
must be dissolv'd and fall ;
Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey
thy heav'nly Father's Call.

3. 'Tis

3. 'Tis He by his almighty Grace
that forms thee fit for Heav'n,
And as an Earnest of the Place
has his own Spirit giv'n.
4. We walk by Faith of Joys to come,
Faith lives upon his Word ;
But while the Body is our Home
we're absent from the Lord.
5. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy Grace
but we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the Flesh
and present, Lord, with Thee.

H Y M N XXI.

Matt. XXII. 37.—40.

1. **T**HUS saith the first, the great Command,
“ Let all thy inward Pow'rs unite
“ To love thy Maker, and thy God,
“ With utmost Vigour and Delight.
2. “ Then shall thy Neighbour next in Place
“ Share thine Affections and Esteem,
“ And let thy Kindness to thy self
“ Measure and rule thy Love to him,”
3. This is the Sense that *Moses* spoke,
This did the Prophets preach and prove ;
For Want of this the Law is broke,
And the whole Law's fulfill'd by Love.
4. But O ! how base our Passions are !
How cold our Charity and Zeal !
Lord, fill our Souls with heav'nly Fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy Will.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXII.

Matt. XI. 28, — 30.

1. "COME hither all ye weary Souls,
 "Ye heavy laden Sinners come,
 "I'll give you Rest from all your Toils,
 "And raise you to my heav'nly Home.
2. "They shall find Rest that learn of me;
 "I'm of a meek and lowly Mind;
 "But Passion rages like the Sea,
 "And Pride is restless as the Wind.
3. "Bless'd is the Man whose Shoulders take
 "My Yoke, and bear it with Delight;
 "My Yoke is easy to his Neck,
 "My Grace shall make the Burden light."
4. *Jesus*, we come at thy Command,
 With Faith and Hope, and humble Zeal,
 Resign our Spirits to thy Hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy Will.

H Y M N XXIII.

Luke I. 68, &c.

1. NOW blest be *Israel's* Lord and God,
 whose Mercy at our Need
 Has visited his People's Grief,
 and them from Bondage freed:
2. And rais'd in faithful *David's* House
 Salvation, which of old,
 E'er since the World itself began,
 his Prophets had foretold.
3. To save us from our spiteful Foes,
 and keep his Oath in mind,
 Which He to *Abr'am* heretofore,
 and to our Fathers sign'd.

+ That

4. That we, from Fear and Danger freed,
his Temple may frequent ;
And all our Days, as in his Sight,
in holy Life be spent,

5. And thou, O Child, shalt then be call'd
God's Prophet, to declare
His Message, and before his Face
his Passage to prepare.

6. To give them Light who now in Shades
of Night and Death abide ;
And in the Way that leads to Peace
our Footsteps safely guide.

H Y M N XXIV.

Luke I. 46, &c.

1. **M**Y Soul and Spirit fill'd with Joy,
my God and Saviour praise ;
Whose Goodness did from poor Estate
his humble Hand-maid raise.

2. Me blest of God, the God of Pow'r,
all Ages shall confess,
Whose Name is holy, and whose Love
his Saints shall ever bless.

3. The proud, and all their vain Designs,
He quickly did confound :
He cast the mighty from their Seat,
the meek and humble crown'd.

4. The hungry with good Things are fill'd,
the rich with Hunger pin'd :
He sent his Servant *Isr'el* help,
and call'd his Love to mind ;

5. Which to our Fathers heretofore,
by Oath He did ensure ;
To *Abr'am* and his chosen Seed,
for ever to endure.

H Y M N

HYMN XXV.

Luke II. 29.

- 1 **L**ORD let thy Servant now depart
 Into thy promis'd Rest,
 Since my expecting Eyes have been
 with thy Salvation blest :
2. Which, till this Time, thy favour'd Saints,
 and Prophets, only knew,
 Long since prepar'd, but now set forth
 in all the People's View.
3. A Light to shew the heathen World
 the Way to saving Grace :
 But O ! the Light and Glory both
 of *Isr'el's* chosen Race.

HYMN XXVI.

Luke II. 8—15.

- 1 **W**HILE Shepherds watch'd their Flocks by
 all seated on the Ground, [Night,
 The Angel of the Lord came down,
 and Glory shone around.
2. " Fear not, said he, (for mighty Dread
 had seiz'd their troubled Mind,)
 " Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring
 " to you and all Mankind."
3. " To you, in *David's* Town, this Day
 " is born of *David's* Line
 " The Saviour, who is *Christ* the Lord ;
 " and this shall be the Sign.

4. The

4. "The heav'nly Babe you there shall find
"to human View display'd,
"All meanly wrapt in swathing Bands,
"and in a Manger laid.
5. Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
appear'd a shining Throng
Of Angels, praising God, and thus
address their joyful Song ;
6. "All Glory be to God on High ;
"and to the Earth be Peace ;
"Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to Men,
"begin and never cease.

H Y M N XXVII.

1 Cor. 5. 7. Rom. 6. 9, &c.

1. **S**INCE *Christ* our Passover is slain
a Sacrifice for all ;
Let all with thankful Hearts agree
to keep the Festival :
2. Not with the Leaven, as of old,
of Sin and Malice fed ;
But with unfeign'd Sincerity,
and Truth's unleaven'd Bread.
3. *Christ* being rais'd by Pow'r divine,
and rescu'd from the Grave,
Shall die no more, Death shall on Him
no more Dominion have ;
4. For that He dy'd, 'twas for our Sins
He once vouchsaf'd to die,
But that He lives, He lives to God,
for all Eternity.

5. So

5. So count yourselves as dead to Sin,
but graciously restor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God,
through *Jesus Christ* our Lord.

H Y M N XXVIII.

1. **O** GOD, we praise Thee, and confess,
that Thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art
by all the Earth ador'd.
2. To Thee all Angels cry aloud,
to Thee the Pow'rs on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
continually do cry ;
3. O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
whom heav'nly Hosts obey ;
The World is with the Glory fill'd
of thy majestick Sway.
4. Th' Apostles glorious Company,
and Prophets crown'd with Light,
With all the Martyrs noble Host,
thy constant Praise recite.
5. The holy Church throughout the World,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art
of boundless Majesty :
6. Thy honour'd true and only Son,
and holy Ghost the Spring
Of never-ceasing Joy ; O *Christ*
of Glory thou art King.
7. The Father's everlasting Son,
Thou from on high didst come

To save Mankind, and didst not then
disdain the Virgin's Womb.

8. And having overcome the Sting
of Death, Thou open'st wide
The Gates of Heav'n to all, who firm
in thy Belief abide.

P A R T II.

9. Crown'd with the Father's Glory Thou
at God's Right-hand do'st sit ;
Whence Thou shalt come to be our Judge,
to sentence or acquit.

10. O therefore save thy Servants, Lord,
whose Souls so dearly cost ;
Nor let the Purchase of thy Blood,
thy precious Blood, be lost.

11. We magnify Thee Day by Day ;
and ever worship Thee.

Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this Day
from Sin and Danger free.

12. Have Mercy, Mercy, on us, Lord !
to us thy Grace extend,
According as for Mercy we
on Thee alone depend.

13. In Thee I have repos'd my Trust,
and ever shall do so ;
Preserve me then from Ruin here,
and from eternal Woe.

H Y M N XXIX.

Rev. IV. 11. & V. 9, &c.

1. **T**HOU God, all Glory, Honour Pow'r
art worthy to receive ;

B

Since

Since all Things by thy Pow'r were made,
and by thy Bounty live.

2. And worthy is the Lamb all Pow'r
Honour and Wealth to gain,
Glory and Strength, who for our Sins
a Sacrifice was slain.

3. All worthy Thou, who hast redeem'd,
and ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Coast
by thy most precious Blood.

4. Blessing and Honour, Glory, Pow'r
by all in Earth and Heav'n,
To Him that sits upon the Throne,
and to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN XXX.

Rev. XIX. 5, &c.

1. **A**LL ye who faithful Servants are
of our almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great,
his Praise devoutly sing.

2. Let us rejoice, and render Thanks
to his most holy Name ;

Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
the Marriage of the Lamb.

3. His Bride her self has ready made
how pure and white her Dress !

Which is the Saints Integrity
and spotless Holiness,

4. O therefore blest is ev'ry one
who to the Marriage Feast,

And holy Supper of the Lamb
is call'd a welcome Guest.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXI.

Matth. VI. 9. &c.

1. OUR Father, who in Heaven art,
all hallow'd be thy Name ;
Thy Kingdom come ; thy Will be done,
throughout this earthly Frame.
2. As cheerfully as 'tis by those
who dwell with Thee on high ;
Lord, let thy Bounty Day by Day
our daily Food supply ;
3. As we forgive our Enemies,
thy Pardon, Lord, we crave ;
Into Temptation lead us not,
but us from Evil save.
4. For Kingdom, Pow'r and Glory, all
belong, O Lord, to Thee ;
Thine from Eternity they were,
and thine shall ever be.

H Y M N XXXII.

1 Cor. XV. 20, 21. Colos. III. 1.

1. CHRIST from the Dead is rais'd, and made
the first Fruits of the Tomb ;
For, as by Man came Death, by Man
did Resurrection come.
2. For, as in Adam, all Mankind
did Guilt and Death derive ;
So, by the Righteousness of Christ,
shall all be made alive.
3. If then ye risen are with Christ,
seek only how to get
The Things that are above, where Christ
at God's right Hand is set.

HYMN XXXIII.

Another Version of *Luke II. 8, &c.*

" **S**hepherds, rejoice, lift up your Eyes,
" and send your Fears away ;

" News from the Region of the Skies,

" Salvation's born to Day.

2. " *Jesus*, the God whom Angels fear,

" comes down to dwell with yon :

" To-day he makes his Entrance here,

" but not as Monarchs do.

3. " No Gold, nor purple swadling Bands,

" nor royal shining Things ;

" A Manger for his Cradle stands,

" and holds the King of Kings.

4. " Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,

" and see his humble Throne ;

" With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,

" go, Shepherds, kiss the Son."

5. Thus *Gabriel* sang, and strait around
the heavenly Armies throng,

They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,

and thus conclude the Song :

6. " Glory to God that reigns above,

" let Peace surround the Earth ;

" Mortals shall know their Maker's Love,

" at their Redeemer's Birth."

7. Lord ! and shall Angels have their Songs,
and Men no Tunes to raise ?

O may we lose these useless Tongues

when they forget to praise !

8. Glory to God that reigns above,

that pitied us forlorn,

We join to sing our Maker's Love,

for there's a Saviour born.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXIV.

Eccles. XII. 1, &c.

1. **C**hildren, to your Creator, God,
your early Honours pay,
While Vanity and youthful Blood
would tempt your Thoughts astray.
2. The Memory of his mighty Name,
demands your first Regard ;
Nor dare indulge a meaner Flame,
'till you have lov'd the Lord.
3. Be wise, and make his Favour sure
before the mournful Days,
When Youth and Mirth are known no more,
and Life and Strength decays.
4. No more the Blessings of a Feast
shall relish on the Tongue,
The heavy Ear forgets the Taste
and Pleasure of a Song.
5. Old Age, with all her dismal Train,
invades your golden Years
With Sighs, and Groans, and raging Pain,
and Death, that never spares.
6. What will you do when Light departs,
and leaves your withering Eyes,
Without one Beam to chear your Hearts,
from the superior Skies ?
7. How will you meet God's frowning Brow,
or stand before his Seat,
While Nature's old Supporters bow,
nor bear their tott'ring Weight.
8. Can you expect your feeble Arms
shall make a strong Defence,
When Death, with terrible Alarms,
summons the Pris'ner hence ?
9. The

9. The silver Bands of Nature burst,
and let the Building fall;
The Flesh goes down to mix with Dust,
its vile Original.
10. Laden with Guilt (a heavy Load)
uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The Soul returns: an angry God,
to be shut out from Heav'n.

HYMN XXXV.

Job I. 21.

1. **N**Aked as from the Earth we came,
and crept to Life at first,
We to the Earth return again,
and mingle with our Dust.
2. The dear Delights we here enjoy,
and fondly call our own,
Are but short Favours borrow'd now,
to be repay'd anon.
3. 'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,
or sinks them in the Grave,
He gives, and (blessed be his Name)
He takes but what he gave.
4. Peace, all our angry Passions then,
let each rebellious Sigh
Be silent at his Sovereign Will,
and every Murmur die.
5. If smiling Mercy crown our Lives,
it's Praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the Justice too
that strikes our Comforts dead.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXVI.

Rom. VIII. 33, &c.

1. **W**HO shall the Lord's Elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their Souls,
And Mercy like a mighty Stream
O'er all their Sins divinely rolls.

2. Who shall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
'Tis *Christ* that suffer'd in their Stead,
And the Salvation to fulfil
Behold Him rising from the Dead.

3. He lives! He lives! and sits above
For ever interceding there;

Who shall divide us from his Love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?

4. Shall Persecution, or Distress,
Famine, or Sword, or Nakedness?

He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than Conquerors too.

5. Faith hath an over-coming Power,
It triumphs in the dying Hour;

Christ is our Life, our Joy, our Hope,
Nor can we sink with such a Prop.

6. Not all that Men on Earth can do,
Nor Pow'rs on high, nor Pow'rs below,

Shall cause his Mercy to remove,
Or wean our Hearts from *Christ* our Love.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Psal. XLIX. 6, 9. Eccl. VIII. 8. Job III. 14, 15.

1. **I**N vain the wealthy Mortals toil,
And heap their shining Dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble Poor,
And boast their lofty Hills of Gain.

B 4

2. Their

2. Their golden Cordials cannot ease
Their pained Hearts or aching Heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching Death,
From glittering Roofs and downy Beds.

3. The lingring, the unwilling Soul
The dismal Summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad Farewell
To the pale Lump of lifeless Clay.

4. Thence they are huddled to the Grave,
Where Kings and Slaves have equal Thrones,
Their Bones without Distinction lie
Amongst the Heap of meaner Bones.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Rev. V. 6, 7, 8, 9.

1. **A**LL mortal Vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears,
Behold amidst th' eternal Throne
A Vision of the Lamb appears.

2. Glory his fleecy Robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody Death He bore;
Sev'n are his Eyes, and sev'n his Horns,
To speak his Wisdom and his Pow'r.

3. Lo, He receives a sealed Book
From Him that sits upon the Throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark Decrees, and Things unknown.

4. All the assembling Saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new Songs of Gospel-Sound
Address their Honours to his Name.

5. The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting Hills,

“ Worthy

“Worthy art Thou alone” (they cry)
 “To read the Book, to loose the Seals.”

6. Our Voices join the heav’nly Strain,
 And with transporting Pleasure sing,
 Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
 To be our Teacher, and our King.

7. His Words of Prophecy reveal
 Eternal Counsels, deep Designs;
 His Grace and Vengeance shall fulfil
 The peaceful and the dreadful Lines.

8. Thou hast redeem’d our Souls from Hell
 With thine invaluable Blood;
 And Wretches that did once rebel
 Are now made Fav’rites of their God.

9. Worthy for ever is the Lord,
 That dy’d for Treasons not his own,
 By ev’ry Tongue to be ador’d,
 And dwell upon his Father’s Throne.

H Y M N XXXIX.

2 Tim. IV. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1. **D**EATH may dissolve my Body now,
 and bear my Spirit home;
 Why do my Minutes move so slow,
 nor my Salvation come?

2. With heav’nly Weapons I have fought
 the Battles of the Lord,
 Finish’d my Course, and kept the Faith,
 and wait the sure Reward.

3. God has laid up in Heav’n for me
 a Crown which cannot fade;
 The righteous Judge at that great Day
 shall place it on my Head.

B 5

4. Nor

4. Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
this Prize for me alone ;
But all that love, and long to see
th' Appearance of his Son.

5. *Jefus*, the Lord, shall guard me safe
from ev'ry ill Design ;
And to his heav'nly Kingdom keep
this feeble Soul of mine.

6. God is my everlasting Aid,
and Hell shall rage in vain ;
To Him be highest Glory paid ;
and endless Praise. *Amen.*

H Y M N XL.

Isa. LXIII. 1, 2, 3. &c.

1. **W**HAT mighty Man, or mighty God,
comes travelling in State,
Along the *Idumean* Road
away from *Bozrah's* Gate !

2. The Glory of his Robes proclaim
'tis some victorious King :
" 'Tis I, the just, th' almighty One
" that your Salvation bring.

3. Why, mighty Lord, thy Saints enquire,
why thine Apparel red ?
And all thy Vesture stain'd like those
who in the Wine-press tread ?

4. " I by my self have trod the Press,
" and crush'd my Foes alone,
" My Wrath has struck the Rebels dead,
" my Fury stamp'd 'em down.

5. " 'Tis *Edom's* Blood that dyes my Robes
" with joyful scarlet Stains,

" The

- “ The Triumph that my Raiment wears
 “ sprung from their bleeding Veins.
 6. “ Thus shall the Nations be destroy’d
 “ that dare insult my Saints,
 “ I have an Arm t’ avenge their Wrongs,
 “ an Ear for their Complaints.

H Y M N XLI.

Nahum I. 1, 2, 3, &c.

1. **A**DORE and tremble, for our God
 is a consuming Fire,
 His jealous Eyes his Wrath inflame,
 and raise his Vengeance higher.
 2. Almighty Vengeance, how it burns !
 how bright his Fury glows !
 Vast Magazines of Plagues and Storms
 lie treasur’d for his Foes.
 3. Those Heaps of Wrath by slow Degrees
 are forc’d into a Flame,
 But kindled, oh ! how fierce they blaze !
 and rend all Nature’s Frame.
 4. At his Approach the Mountains flee,
 and seek a watry Grave ;
 The frighted Sea makes Haste away,
 and shrinks up ev’ry Wave.
 5. Through the wide Air the weighty Rocks,
 are swift as Hail-stones hurl’d :
 Who dares engage his fiery Rage,
 that shakes the solid World ?
 6. Yet, mighty God, thy sov’reign Grace,
 sits Regent on the Throne,
 The Refuge of thy chosen Race
 when Wrath comes rushing down.

7. Thy

36 H Y M N xli, xlii, xliii.

7. Thy Hand shall on rebellious Kings
a fiery Tempest pour,
While we beneath thy shelt'ring Wings
thy just Revenge adore.

H Y M N XLII.

Isa. XL. 28, 29, 30, 31.

1. **A** WAKE our Souls (aw y our Fears,
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heavenly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

2. True, 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint,
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

3. The mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless Years
Their everlasting Circles run.

4. From Thee the overflowing Spring,
Our Souls shall drink a fresh Supply,
While such as trust their native Strength
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.

5. Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode,
On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly Road.

H Y M N XLIII.

Jude XXIV. 25.

1. **T**O God the only Wise,
our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
their humble Praises bring.

2. 'Tis

2. 'Tis his almighty Love,
his Counsel and his Care,
Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
and ev'ry hurtful Snare.

3. He will present our Souls
unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the Glory of his Face,
with Joys divinely great.

4. Then all the chosen Seed
shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
and make his Wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
and everlasting Songs.

H Y M N XLIV.

Rev. XII. 7.

LET mortal Tongues attempt to sing
The Wars of Heav'n, when *Michael* stood
Chief General of th' eternal King,
And fought the Battles of our God.

2. Against th' Dragon and his Host
The Armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their Courage sinks, their Weapons fail.

3. Down to the Earth was *Satan* thrown,
Down to the Earth his Legions fell;
Then was the Trump of Triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful Deeps of Hell.

4. Now is the Hour of Darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning Pow'r;

Behold

Behold the great Accuser cast
Down from the Skies, to rise no more.

5. 'Twas by thy Blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine Armies trod the Tempter down ;
'Twas by thy Word and pow'rful Name
They gain'd the Battle and Renown.

6. Rejoice ye Heav'ns ; let every Star
Shine with new Glories round the Sky ;
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly War,
Raise your Deliverer's Name on high.

HYMN XLV.

Rev. I. 5, 6, 7.

1 **N**OW to the Lord that makes us know
The Wonders of his dying Love,
Be humble Honours paid below,
And strains of nobler Praise above.

2. 'Twas He that cleans'd our foulest Sins,
And wash'd us in his richest Blood ;
'Tis He that makes us Priests and Kings,
And brings us Rebels near to God.

3. To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our superior King,
Be everlasting Power confess'd,
And ev'ry Tongue his Glory sing.

4. Behold, on flying Clouds He comes,
And ev'ry Eye shall see Him move ;
'Tho' with our Sins we pierc'd Him once,
Then He display his pardoning Love.

5. The unbelieving World shall wail
While we rejoice to see the Day :
Come Lord : nor let thy Promise fail,
Nor let thy Chariots long delay.

HYMN

H Y M N XLVI.

Rev. V. 11, 12, 13.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our chearful Songs,
with Angels round the Throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
but all their Joys are one.
2. " Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
" to be exalted thus ;"
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
for He was slain for us.
3. *Jesus* is worthy to receive
Honour and Power divine ;
And Blessings more than we can give,
be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the Sky,
and Air, and Earth, and Seas,
Conspire to lift thy Glories high,
and speak thine endless Praise.
5. The whole Creation join in one,
to bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
and to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N XLVII.

1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous Grace
the Father has bestow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
to call them Sons of God !
2. 'Tis no surprizing Thing,
that we should be unknown ;
The *Jewish* World knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son :
3. Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;

But

But when we see our Saviour here,
we shall be like our Head.

4. A Hope so much divine
may Trials well endure,
May purge our Souls from Sense and Sin
as Christ the Lord is pure.

5. If in my Father's Love
I share a filial Part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,
to rest upon my Heart.

6. We would no longer lie
like Slaves beneath the Throne :
My Faith shall Abba Father cry,
and thou the Kindred own.

HYMN XLVIII.

Sol. Song VIII. 5. 6. 7. 13. 14.

1. **W**HO is this fair One in Distress,
That travels from the Wilderness ?
And press'd with Sorrows and with Sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.
2. This is the Spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the Treasures of his Blood :
And her Request, and her Complaint,
Is but the Voice of ev'ry Saint.
3. " O let my Name engraven stand,
" Both on thy Heart and on thy Hand :
" Seal me upon thine Arm, and wear
" That Pledge of Love for ever there.
4. " Stronger than Death thy Love is known,
" Which Floods of Wrath could never drown ;
" And Hell and Earth in vain combine
" To quench a Fire so much divine.
5. But I am jealous of my Heart,
" Lest it should once from Thee depart ; " Then

- “ Then let thy Name be well impress’d,
 “ As a fair Signet on my Breast.
 6. “ ’Till Thou hast brought me to thy Home,
 “ Where Fears and Doubts can never come,
 “ Thy Count’nance let me often see,
 “ And often Thou shalt hear from me.
 7. “ Come, my Beloved, haste away
 “ Cut short the Hours of thy Delay.
 “ Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe
 “ Over the Hills where Spices grow.

H Y M N XLIX.

Job IV. 17, ——— 21.

1. **S**HALL the vile Race of Flesh and Blood
 Contend with their Creator, God ?

Shall mortal Worms presume to be
 More holy, wise, or just, than He ?

2. Behold, He puts his Trust in none
 Of all the Spirits round his Throne ;
 Their Natures, when compar’d with his,
 Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

3. But how much meaner Things are they
 Who spring from Dust, and dwell in Clay !
 Touch’d by the Finger of thy Wrath,
 We faint and vanish like the Moth.

4. From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
 We die by thousands in thy Sight ;
 Bury’d in Dust whole Nations lie
 Like a forgotten Vanity.

5. Almighty Power, to Thee we bow ;
 How frail are we ! how glorious Thou !
 No more the Sons of Earth shall dare
 With an eternal God compare.

H Y M N

H Y M N I.

Ecclef. IX. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 **L**IFE is the Time to serve the Lord,
The Time t'insure the great Reward,
And while the Lamp holds out to burn.
The vilest Sinner may return.

2. Life is the Hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from Hell, and fly to Heav'n ;
The Day of Grace, and Mortals may
Secure the Blessings of the Day.

3. The Living know that they must die,
But all the Dead forgotten lie ;
Their Mem'ry and their Sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4. Their Hatred and their Love is lost,
Their Envy buried in the Dust ;
They have no Share in all that's done
Beneath the Circuit of the Sun.

5. Then what my Thoughts design to do,
My Hands, with all your Might pursue,
Since no Device, nor Work is found,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, beneath the Ground.

6. There are no Acts of Pardon pass'd
In the cold Grave, to which we haste ;
But Darkness, Death, and long Despair,
Reign in eternal Silence there.

H Y M N LI.

Rom: III. 19, — 21.

1 **V**AIN are the Hopes the Sons of Men
on their own Works have built ;
Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,
and all their Actions Guilt.

2. Let Jew and Gentile stop their Mouths
without a murm'ring Word, And

And the whole Race of *Adam* stand
guilty before the Lord.

3. In vain we ask God's righteous Law
to justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
is all the Law can do.
4. *Jesus*, how glorious is thy Grace,
when in thy Name we trust!
Our Faith receives a Righteousness
that makes the Sinner just.

HYMN LII.

John III. 16, 17, 18.

1. **N**OT to condemn the Sons of Men
Did *Christ*, the Son of God appear:
No Weapons in his Hands are seen,
No flaming Sword, nor Thunder there.
2. Such was the Pity of our God,
He lov'd the Race of Man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our Load
Of Sins, and save our Souls from Hell.

3. Sinners, believe the Saviour's Word,
Trust in his mighty Name, and live;
A thousand Joys his Lips afford,
His Hands a thousand Blessings give.
4. But Vengeance and Damnation lyes
On Rebels who refuse the Grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest Hell shall be their Place.

HYMN LIII.

1 Cor. II. 9, 10. Rev. XXI. 27.

1. **N**OR Eye hath seen, nor Ear has heard,
nor Sense, nor Reason known,

What

What Joys the Father has prepar'd
for those that love his Son.

2. But the good Spirit of the Lord
reveals a Heav'n to come ;
The Beams of Glory in his Word
allure and guide us home.

3. Pure are the Joys above the Sky,
and all the Region Peace ;
No wanton Lips nor envious Eye
can see or taste the Bliss.

4. These holy Gates for ever bar,
Pollution, Sin, and Shame ;
None shall obtain Admittance there
but Foll'wers of the Lamb.

5. He keeps the Father's Book of Life,
there all their Names are found ;
The Hypocrite in vain shall strive
to tread the heav'nly Ground.

HYMN LIV.

Rom. VI. 1, 2, 6.

1 **S**HALL we go on to sin,
because thy Grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again
and open all his Wounds ?

2. Forbid it, mighty God,
nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose Sins are crucify'd,
should raise them from the Dead.

3. We will be Slaves no more,
since *Christ* has made us free,
Has nail'd our Tyrants to his Cross,
and bought our Liberty.

HYMN

H Y M N LV.

Phil. III. 7, 8, 9.

1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the Duties I have done ;
I quit the Hopes I held before
To trust the Merits of thy Son.

2. Now for the Love I bear his Name,
What was my Gain I count my Loss ;
My former Pride I call my Shame,
And nail my Glory to his Cross.

3. Yes, and I must and will esteem
All Things but Loss for *Jesus*' sake :
O may my Soul be found in him,
And of his Righteousness partake !

4. The best Obedience of my Hands
Dares not appear before thy Throne ;
But Faith can answer thy Demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

H Y M N LVI Rom. VII. 8, &c.

1 **L**ORE, how secure my Conscience was,
and felt no inward Dread !

I was alive without the Law,
and thought my Sins were dead.

2. My Hopes of Heav'n were firm and bright,
but since the Precept came
With a convincing Pow'r and Light,
I find how vile I am.

3. My Guilt appear'd but small before,
'till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure
was thine eternal Law.

4. Then felt my Soul the heavy Load,
my Sins reviv'd again.

I had provok'd a dreadful God,
and all my Hopes were vain. I'm

46 H Y M N lvi, lvii, lviii.

5. I'm like a helpless Captive fold,
under the Power of Sin ;
I cannot do the Good I would
nor keep my Conscience clean.
6. My God, I cry with ev'ry Breath
for some kind Pow'r to save,
To break the Yoke of Sin and Death,
and thus redeem the Slave.

H Y M N LVII.

Joh. I. 17. Heb. III. 3, &c. X. 28.

1. **T**HE Law by *Moses* came,
but Peace, and Truth, and Love,
Were brought by *Christ* (a nobler Name)
descending from above.
2. Amidst the House of God
their different Works were done ;
Moses a faithful Servant stood,
but *Christ* a faithful Son.

3. Then to his new Commands
be strict Obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's House he stands
the Sovereign and the Head.
4. The Man that durst despise
the Law that *Moses* brought ;
Behold ! how terribly he dies
for his presumptuous Fault.

5. But sorer Vengeance falls
on that rebellious Race,
Who hate to hear when *Jesus* calls,
and dare resist his Grace.

H Y M N LVIII.

Heb. IV. 15, 16, & V. 7. Matt. XII. 20.

1. **W**ITH Joy we meditate the Grace
of our High-Priest above ;

His

- His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
his Bowels melt with Love.
2. Touch'd with a Sympathy within
he knows our feeble Frame,
He knows what ſore Temptations mean
for he has felt the ſame.
3. But ſpotleſs, innocent and pure
the great Redeemer ſtood,
While *Satan's* fiery Darts he bore,
and did reſiſt to Blood.
4. He in the Days of feeble Fleſh
pour'd our his Cries and Tears,
And in his Meaſure feels aſreſh
what every Member bears
5. He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,
but raiſe it to a Flame;
The bruifed Reed he never breaks,
nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.
6. Then let our humble Faith addreſs
his Mercy and his Pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring Grace
in the diſtreſſing Hour.

H Y M N LIX. Titus II. 10,—13.

- 1 **S**O let our Lips and Lives expreſs
The holy Goſpel we profeſs,
So let our Works and Virtues ſhine;
To prove the Doctrine all divine.
2. Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The Honours of our Saviour God;
When the Salvation reigns within,
And Grace ſubdues the Pow'r of Sin.

3. Our

3. Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd,
 Passion and Envy, Lust and Pride;
 While Justice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love
 Our inward Piety approve.

4. Religion bears our Spirits up
 While we expect that blessed Hope,
 The bright Appearance of the Lord
 And Faith stands leaning on his Word.

HYMN LX.

1 Cor. XIII. 1. 2. 3.

1 **H**AD I the Tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler Speech that Angels use,
 If Love be absent, I am found
 Like tinkling Brass, an empty Sound.

2. Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
 All that is done in Heav'n and Hell,
 Or could my Faith the World remove,
 Still I am nothing without Love.

3. Should I distribute all my Store
 To feed the Bowels of the Poor,
 Or give my Body to the Flame,
 To gain a Martyr's glorious Name.

4. If Love to God and Love to Men
 Be absent, all my Hopes are vain:
 Nor Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal,
 The Work of Love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN LXI.

2 Tim. 1. 9, 10.

1 **N**OW to the Power of God supreme
 Be everlasting Honours giv'n,
 He saves from Hell (we bless his Name)
 He calls our wandering Feet to Heav'n.

2. Not for our Duties or Deserts,
 But of his own abounding Grace,

He

He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praise.

3. 'Twas his own Purpose that begun
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die ;
He gave us Grace in Christ his Son
Before He spread the starry Sky.
4. *Jesus* the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's Counsels known ;
Declares the great Transactions pass'd,
And brings immortal Blessings down.

5. He dies ; and in that dreadful Night
Did all the Pow'rs of Hell destroy ;
Rising He brought our Heav'n to Light,
And took Possession of the Joy.

H Y M N LXII.

Isa, LIII. 1—5, 10—12.

1. **W**HO has believ'd thy Word,
or thy Salvation known ?
Reveal thine Arm, almighty Lord,
and glorify thy Son.
2. The *Jews* esteem'd Him here
too mean for their Belief ;
Sorrows his chief Acquaintance were,
and his Companion, Grief.
3. They turn'd their Eyes away,
and treated Him with Scorn ;
But 'twas their Grief upon Him lay,
their Sorrows He has born.
4. 'Twas for the stubborn *Jews*
and *Gentiles* then unknown,
The God of Justice pleas'd to bruise
his best-beloved Son.

C

5. " But

5. " But I'll prolong his Days,
" and make his Kingdom stand,
" My Pleasure (saith the God of Grace)
" shall prosper in his Hand.
6. " His joyful Soul shall see
" the Purchase of his Pain,
" And by his Knowledge justify
" the guilty Sons of Men.
7. " Ten thousand captive Slaves
" releas'd from Death and Sin,
" Shall quit their Prisons and their Graves,
" and own his Pow'r divine.
8. " Heav'n shall advance my Son
" to Joys that Earth deny'd ;
" Who saw the Pollies Men had done,
" and bore their Sins, and dy'd."

H Y M N LXIII.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our Life !
how vast our Souls Affairs !
Yet senseless Mortals vainly strive
to lavish out their Years.
2. Our Days run thoughtlessly along,
without a Moment's Stay,
Just like a Story or a Song,
we pass our Lives away.
3. God from on high invites us Home,
but we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the Tomb,
sloop downwards as we run.
4. How we deserve the deepest Hell
that slight the Joys above !
What Chains of Vengeance should we feel
that break such Cords of Love !

5. Draw

5. Draw us, O God, with sovereign Grace,
and lift our Thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal Race,
and see Salvation nigh.

H Y M N LXIV.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble Song !
Awake my Soul, awake my Tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless Love proclaim.
2. See where it shines in *Jesus*' Face,
The brightest Image of his Grace;
God in the Person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest Works out-done.

3. The spacious Earth, and spreading Flood
Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful God,
And thy rich Glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling Star.
4. But in his Looks a Glory stands,
The noblest Labour of thine Hands:
The pleasing Lustre of his Eyes
Out-shines the Wonders of the Skies.

5. Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming Theme ;
My Thoughts rejoice at *Jesus*' Name :
Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound,
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground.
6. O may I live to reach the Place
Where he unvails his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And sing his Name to Harps of Gold !

H Y M N LXV.

Phil. II. 6, &c.

- 1 **B**Right King of Glory, dreadful God !
Our Spirits bow before thy Seat,

To Thee we lift an humble Thought,
And worship at thine awful Feet.

2. Thy Pow'r hath form'd, thy Wisdom sways
All Nature with a sov'reign Word ;
And the bright World of Stars obeys
The Will of their superior Lord.

3. Mercy and Truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy Right-Hand ;
Eternal Justice guards thy Throne,
And Vengeance waits thy dread Command.

4. A thousand Seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who amongst the Sons of Light
Pretends Comparison with Thee ?

5. Yet there is one of human Frame,
Jesus, array'd in Flesh and Blood,
Thinks it no Robbery to claim
A full Equality with God.

6. Their Glory shines with equal Beams ;
Their Essence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by different Names,
The Father-God, and God the Son.

7. Then let the Name of Christ our King
With equal Honours be ador'd ;
His Praise let every Angel sing,
And all the Nations own the Lord.

H Y M N LXVI.

HARK ! from the Tombs a doleful Sound ;
My Ears attend the Cry,
" Ye living Men, come view the Ground,
" where you must shortly lie.

2. " Princes, this Clay must be your Bed
" in sight of all your Tow'rs ;

" The

"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend Head
"must lie as low as ours.

3. Great God ! is this our certain Doom ?
and are we still secure ?
Still walking downwards to our Tomb,
and yet prepare no more ?
4. Grant us the Pow'rs of quick'ning Grace,
to fit our Souls to fly,
Then, when we drop this dying Flesh,
we'll rise above the Sky.

HYMN LXVII.

Zech. XII. 7.

1. **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the Skies,
"awake my dreadful Sword ;
"Awake my Wrath, and smite the Man
"my Fellow", saith the Lord.
2. Vengeance receiv'd the dread Command,
and armed down she flies,
Jesus submits t' his Father's Hand,
and bows his Head, and dies.
3. But oh ! the Wisdom and the Grace
that join with Vengeance now !
He dies to save our guilty Race,
and yet He rises too.
4. A Person so divine was He
who yielded to be slain,
That He could give his Soul away,
and take his Life again.
5. Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
let ev'ry Nation sing,
And Angels sound with endless Joy
the Saviour and the King.

HYMN LXVIII.

- 1 **I**NFINITE Grief! amazing Woe!
 behold my bleeding Lord!
 Hell and the *Jews* conspir'd his Death,
 and us'd the *Roman* Sword.
2. Oh! the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain
 my dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty Whips; and ragged Thorns
 his sacred Body tore!
3. But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns
 in vain do I accuse,
 In vain I blame the *Roman* Bands,
 and the more spiteful *Jews*.
4. 'Twere you, my Sins, my cruel Sins,
 his chief Tormentors were!
 Each of my Crimes became a Nail,
 and Unbelief the Spear.
5. 'Twere you, that pul'd the Vengeance down
 upon his guiltless Head:
 Break, break my Heart, oh! burst mine Eyes,
 and let my Sorrows bleed.
6. Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty Soul,
 till melting Waters flow,
 And deep Repentance drown mine Eyes,
 in undissembled Woe.

HYMN LXIX.

Heb. XII. 18, &c.

- 1 **N**OT to the Terrors of the Lord,
 the Tempest, Fire, and Smoke,
 Not to the Thunder of that Word
 which God on *Sinai* spoke;
2. But we are come to *Sion's* Hill,
 the City of our God,

Where

Where milder Words declare his Will,
and spread his Love abroad.

3. Behold th' innumerable Host
of Angels cloath'd in Light ;
Behold the Spirits of the Just
whose Faith is turn'd to Sight.
4. Behold the blest Assembly there,
whose Names are writ in Heav'n ;
And God the Judge of all declares
Their vilest Sins forgiv'n.

5. The Saints on Earth, and all the Dead
but one Communion make ;
All join in *Christ* their living Head,
and of his Grace partake.
6. In such Society as this
my weary Soul would rest ;
The Man that dwells where *Jesus* is
must be forever blest.

H Y M N, LXX.

Ha. L. 10, 11. Chap. XXVIII. 20.

- “ **W** Here are the Mourners (saith the Lord)
“ That wait and tremble at my Word,
“ That walk in Darknes all the Day ?
“ Come, make my Name your Trust and Stay,
2. “ No Works nor Duties of your own
“ Can for the smallest Sin atone ;
“ The Robes that Nature may provide
“ Will not your least Pollutions hide.
3. “ The softest Couch that Nature knows
“ Can give the Conscience no Repose ;
“ Look to my Righteousness, and live ;
“ Comfort and Peace are mine to give.

4. “ Ye

4. " Ye Sons of Pride that kindle Coals,
 " With your own Hands to warm your Souls,
 " Walk in the Light of your own Fire,
 " Enjoy the Sparks that ye desire.

5. " This is your Portion at my Hands;
 " Hell waits you with her Iron Bands,
 " Ye shall lye down in Sorrow there,
 " In Death, in Darknes, and Despair.

HYMN LXXI.

Job XI. 7, &c. XXV. 5. XXVI. 11.

CAN Creatures to Perfection find
 Th' eternal uncreated Mind;
 Or can the largest Stretch of Thought
 Measure and search his Nature out!

2. 'Tis high as Heav'n, 'tis deep as Hell,
 And what can mortals know or tell?
 His Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
 And all the shining Worlds on high.

3. But Man, vain Man, would fain be wise,
 Born like a wild young Colt he flies
 Thro' all the Follies of his Mind,
 And smells and snuffs the empty Wind.

4. God is a King of Power unknown,
 Firm are the Orders of his Throne;
 If He resolve, who dare oppose,
 Or ask Him why, or what He does?

5. He wounds the Heart, and He makes whole;
 He calms the Tempest of the Soul:
 When He shuts up in long Despair,
 Who can remove the heavy Bar?

6. He frowns, and Darknes veils the Moon,
 The fainting Sun grows dim at Noon:
 The Pillars of Heav'n's starry Roof
 Tremble and start at his Reproof.

7. He

7. He gave the vaulted Heav'n its Form,
The crooked Serpent, and the Worm;
He breaks the Billows with his Breath,
And smites the Sons of Pride to Death.
8. These are a Portion of his Ways;
But who shall dare describe his Face?
Who can endure his Light? or stand
To hear the Thunders of his Hand?

H Y M N LXXII.

1 Cor. XI. 23, &c.

TWAS on that dark, that doleful Night
When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose,
Against the Son of God's Delight,
And Friends betray'd him to his Foes:
2. Before the mournful Scenē began,
He took the Bread, and bless'd, and break;
What Love thro' all his Actions ran!
What wond'rous Words of Grace he spake!

3. "This is my Body, broke for Sin,
Receive and eat the living Food;"
Then took the Cup, and bless'd the Wine;
"'Tis the new Cov'nant in my Blood."
4. "Do this," (he cry'd) "till Time shall end,
"In Mem'ry of your dying Friend;
"Meet at my Table and record
"The Love of your departed Lord."

5. *Jesus*, thy Feast we celebrate,
We shew thy Death, we sing thy Name,
'Till thou return, and we shall eat
The Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N

HYMN LXXIII.

Gal. VI. 14.

1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous Cross
 On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
 My richest Gain I count but Loss,
 And pour Contempt on all my Pride.
 2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
 Save in the Death of *Christ* my God :
 All the vain Things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his Blood.

3. See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
 Sorrow and Love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet ?
 Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown ?
 4. His dying Crimson, like a Robe,
 Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree ;
 Then am I dead to all the Globe,
 And all the Globe is dead to me.

5. Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
 That were a Present far too small :
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

HYMN LXXIV.

Luke XIV. ver. 16, &c.

1 **H**OW rich are thy Provisions, Lord !
 Thy Table furnish'd from above !
 The Fruits of Life o'erspread the Board,
 The Cup o'erflows with heav'nly Love.
 2. Thine ancient Family the *Jews*,
 Were first invited to the Feast :
 We humbly take what they refuse,
 And *Gentiles* thy Salvation taste.

3. We

3. We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And Help was far, and Death was nigh !
But, at the Gospel-Call, we came,
And ev'ry Want receiv'd Supply.
4. From the Highway that leads to Hell,
From Paths of Darknefs and Despair,
Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy Presence here.

5. What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the Heav'n of his Abode,
And to this wretched Earth came down,
To bring us Wand'ers back to God !
6. It cost him Death, to save our Lives ;
To buy our Souls, it cost his own ;
And all the unknown Joys he gives,
Were bought with Agonies unknown.

7. Our everlasting Love is due
To Him that ransom'd Sinners lost ;
And pity'd Rebels when He knew
The vast Expence his Love would cost.

HYMN LXXV.

1 **G**LORY to God the Father's Name,
who, from our sinful Race,
Chose out his Fav'rites to proclaim
the Honours of his Grace.

2. Glory to God the Son be paid,
who dwelt in humble Clay,
And, to redeem us from the Dead,
gave his own Life away.

3. Glory to God the Spirit give,
from whose almighty Pow'r
Our Souls their heav'nly Birth derive,
and bless the happy Hour.

4. Glory

60 H Y M N lxxv, lxxvi.

4. Glory to God that reigns above,
th' eternal Three and One,
Who by the Wonders of his Love,
has made his Nature known.

H Y M N LXXVI.

TO Him that chose us first,
Before the World began;
To Him that bore the Curse,
To save rebellious Man;
To Him that form'd
Our Hearts anew,
Is endless Praise
And Glory due.

The Father's Love shall run
Thro' our immortal Songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hesannas on our Tongues:
Our Lips address
The Spirit's Name
With equal Praise,
And Zeal the same.

3. Let ev'ry Saint above,
And Angel round the Throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus Heav'n shall raise
His Honours high,
When Earth and Time
Grow old and die.

END OF 61

E R R A T A.

PAge 15 l. 16. for therer. *ib. r. p. 22* for the
r. *that* p. 24 l. 17. r. *lion* p. 56 l. 1. r. *Bot.*
r. *hear* p. 81 l. 6. r. *tern* p. 102. l. 23. r. *hear* p.
195 l. 6. r. *approved*.

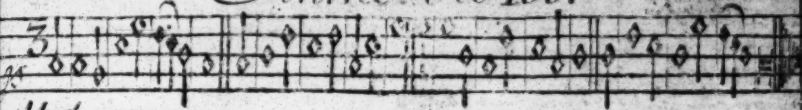


For the
Bot.
gear. p.

Cant.

Anthem to 100.

2



Med.

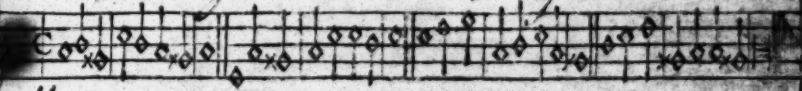


Bass



Cant.

Consecration Hymn.



Med.

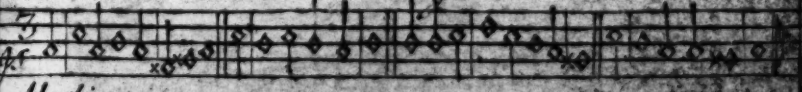


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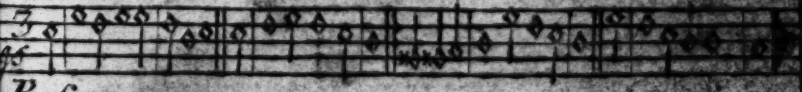


Cant.

Cambridge.



Med.

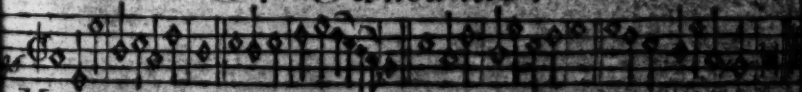


Bass



Cant.

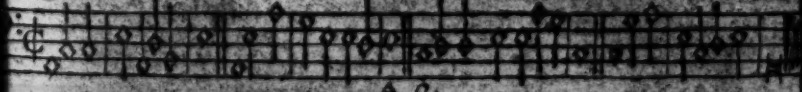
S^t Edmund's.

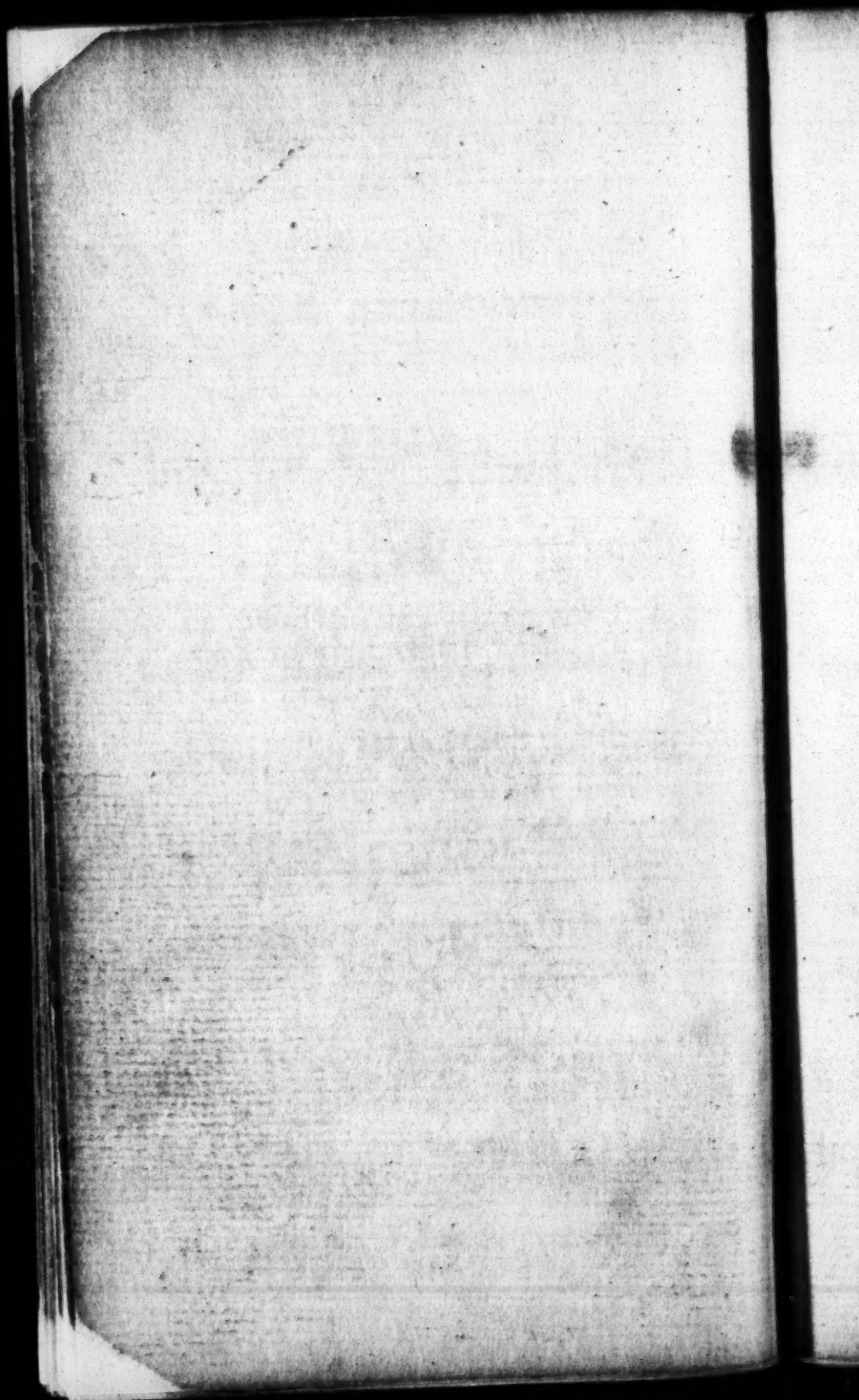


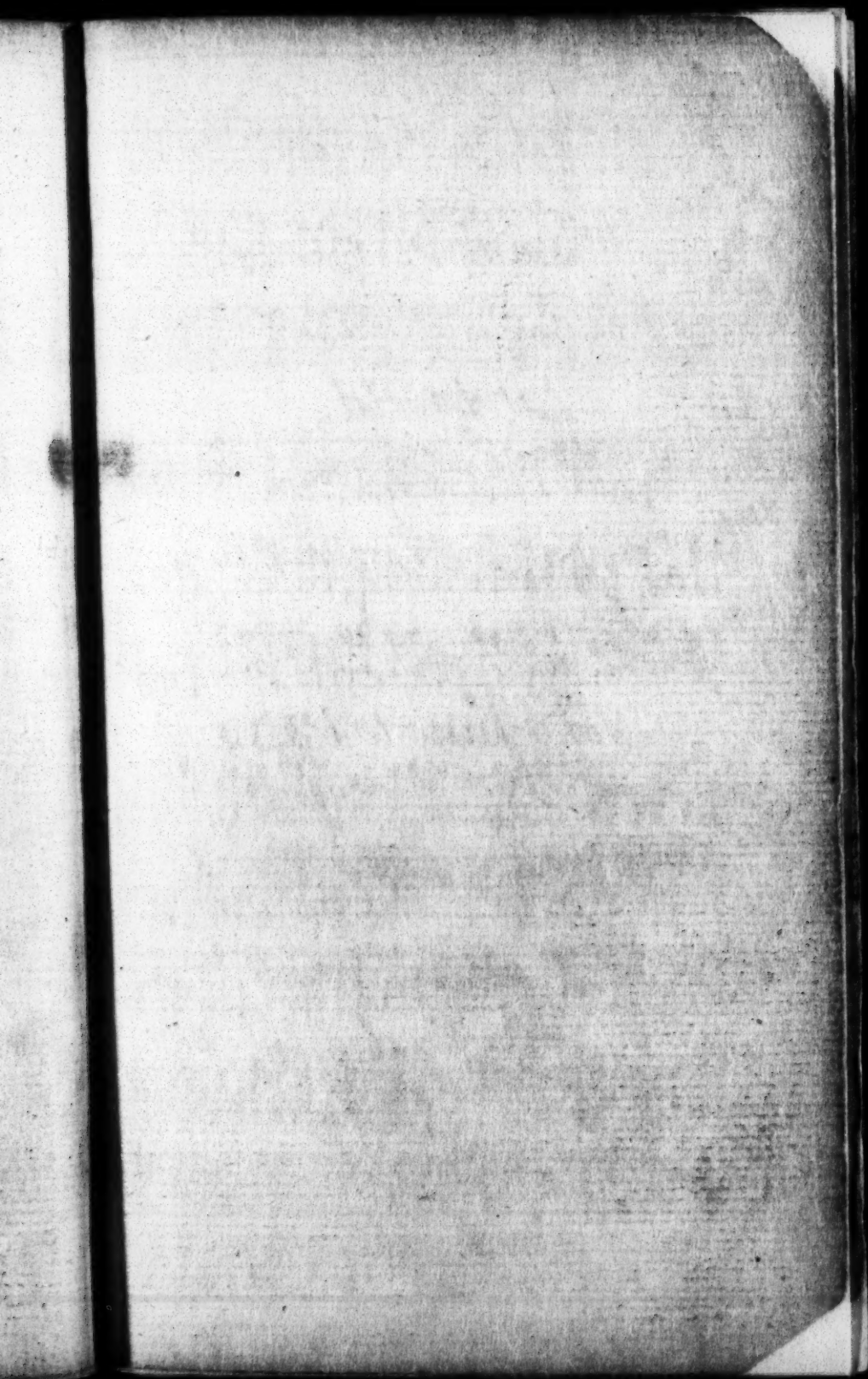
Med.



Bass

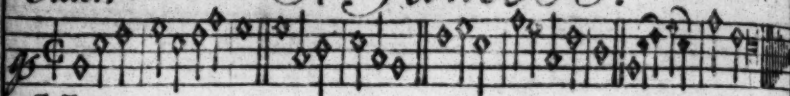




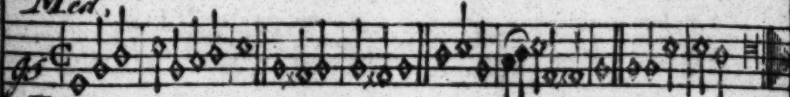


3 Cant.

St. James's.



Med.

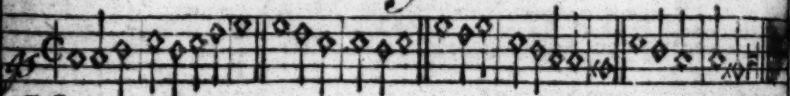


Bass



Cant.

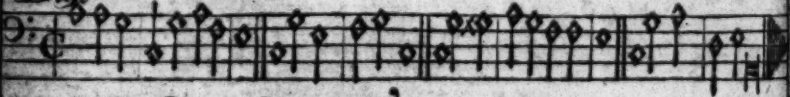
Litchfield.



Med.



Bass



Cant.

New Tune to Ps. LI.



Med.



Bass



Cant.

Oxford.



Med.



Bass



Cant

Southwell.

4

Med

Bass

Cant.

Standish.

Med

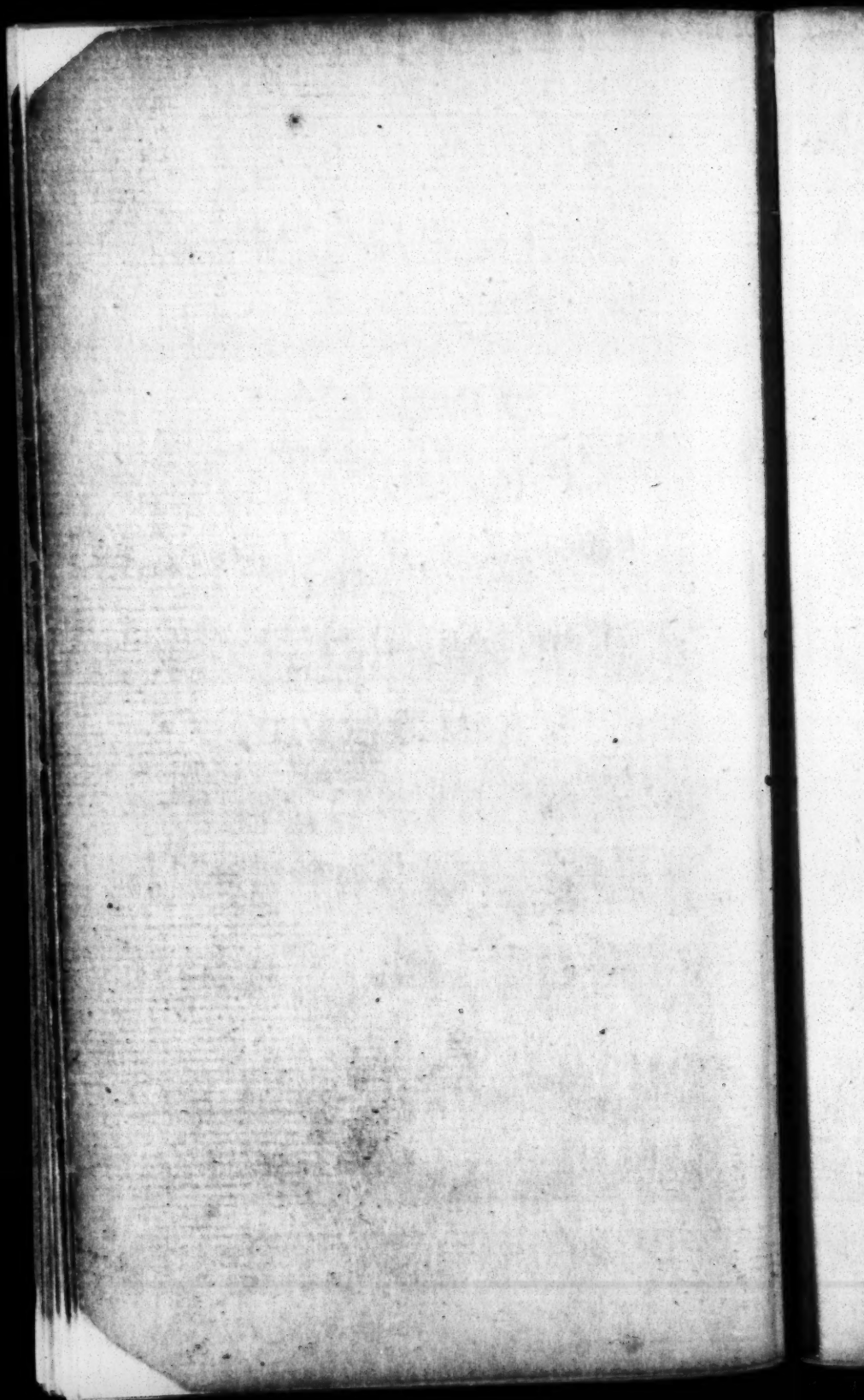
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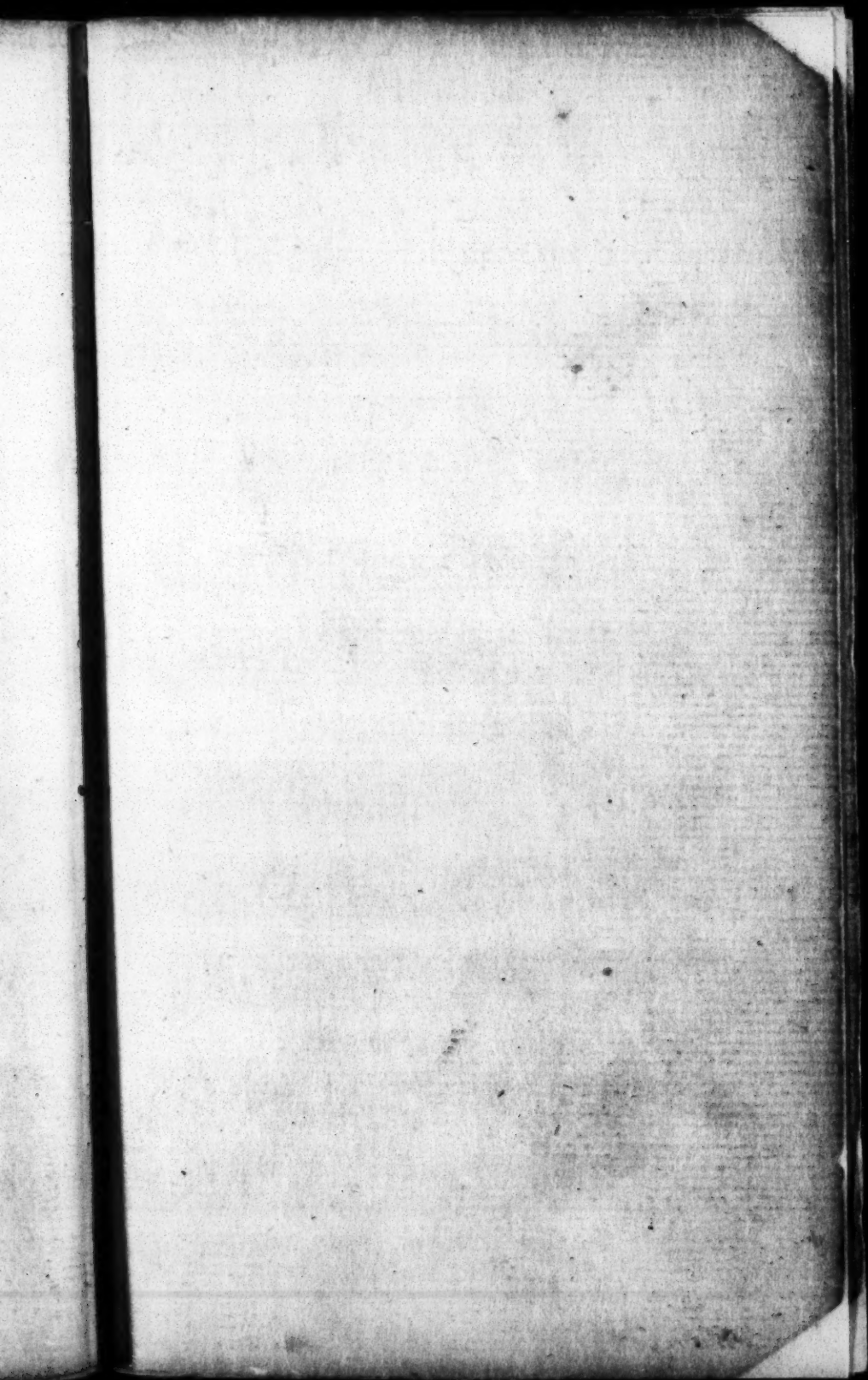
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PSALM XVIII.

Med.

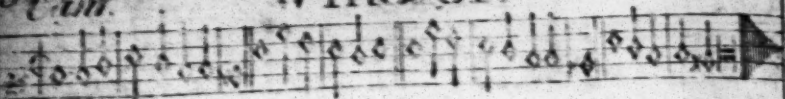
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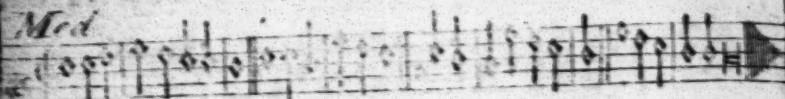


Cant.

Windsor.



Med.

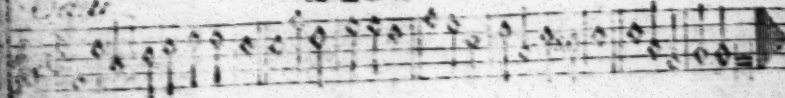


Bass.



Cant.

Exeter.



Med.



Bass.



Cant.

Glocester.



Med.

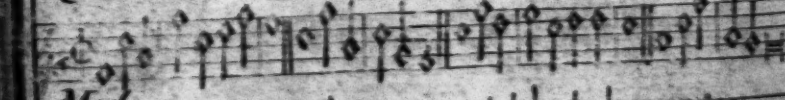


Bass.



Cant.

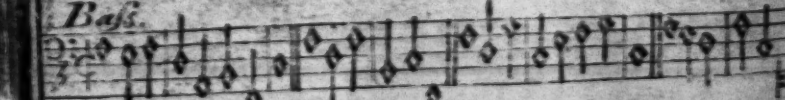
London new.



Med.

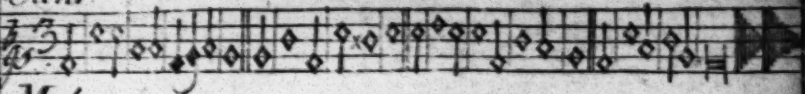


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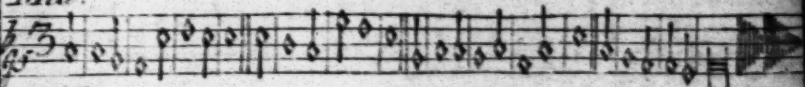


Mear.

Cant.



Med.



Bass.



Cant. Namur or Portsmouth.



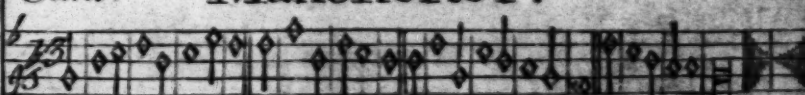
Med.



Bass.



Cant. Manchester.



Med.



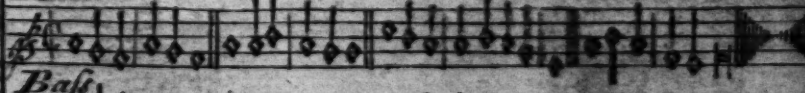
Bass.



Cant. Southwell new.

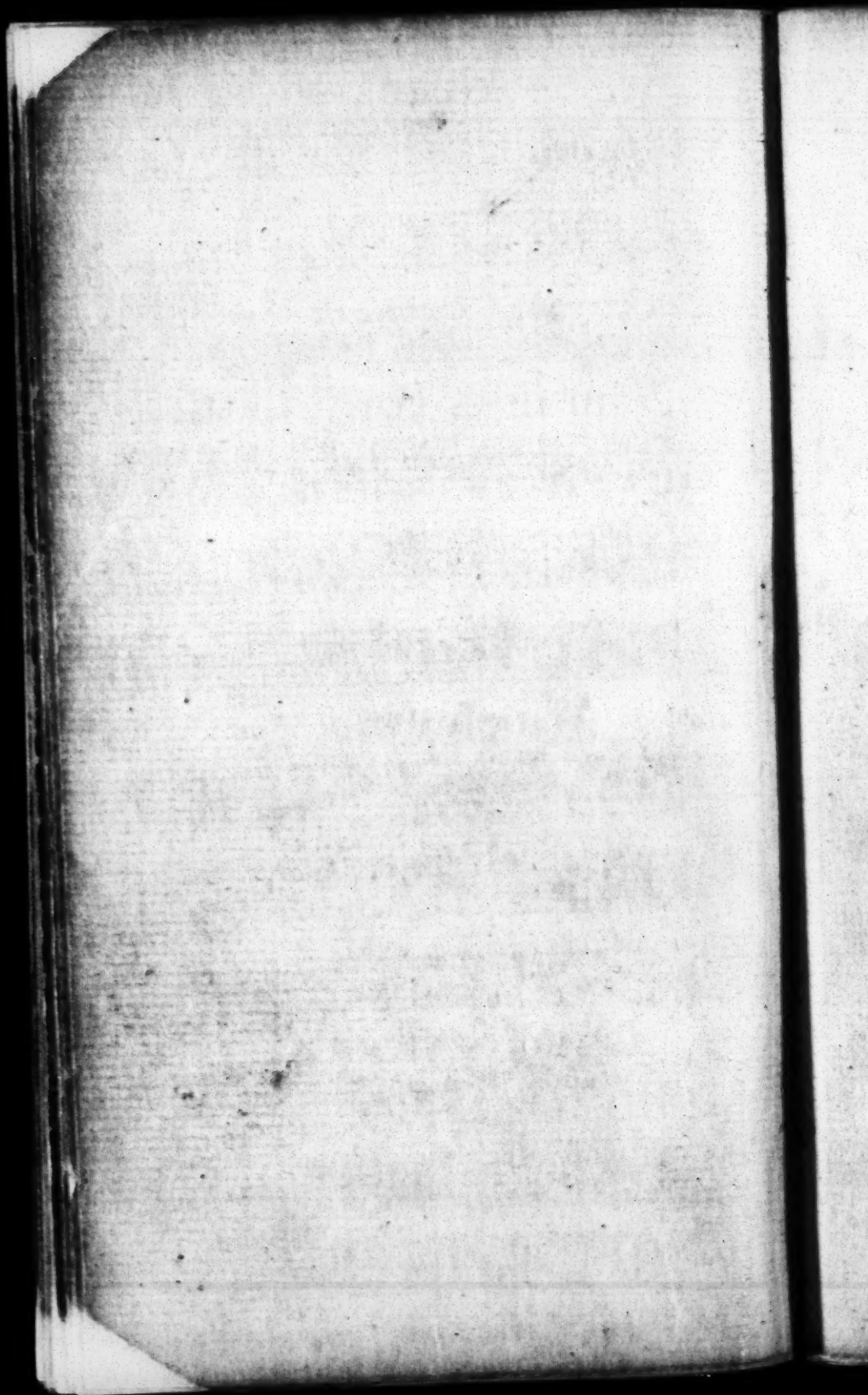


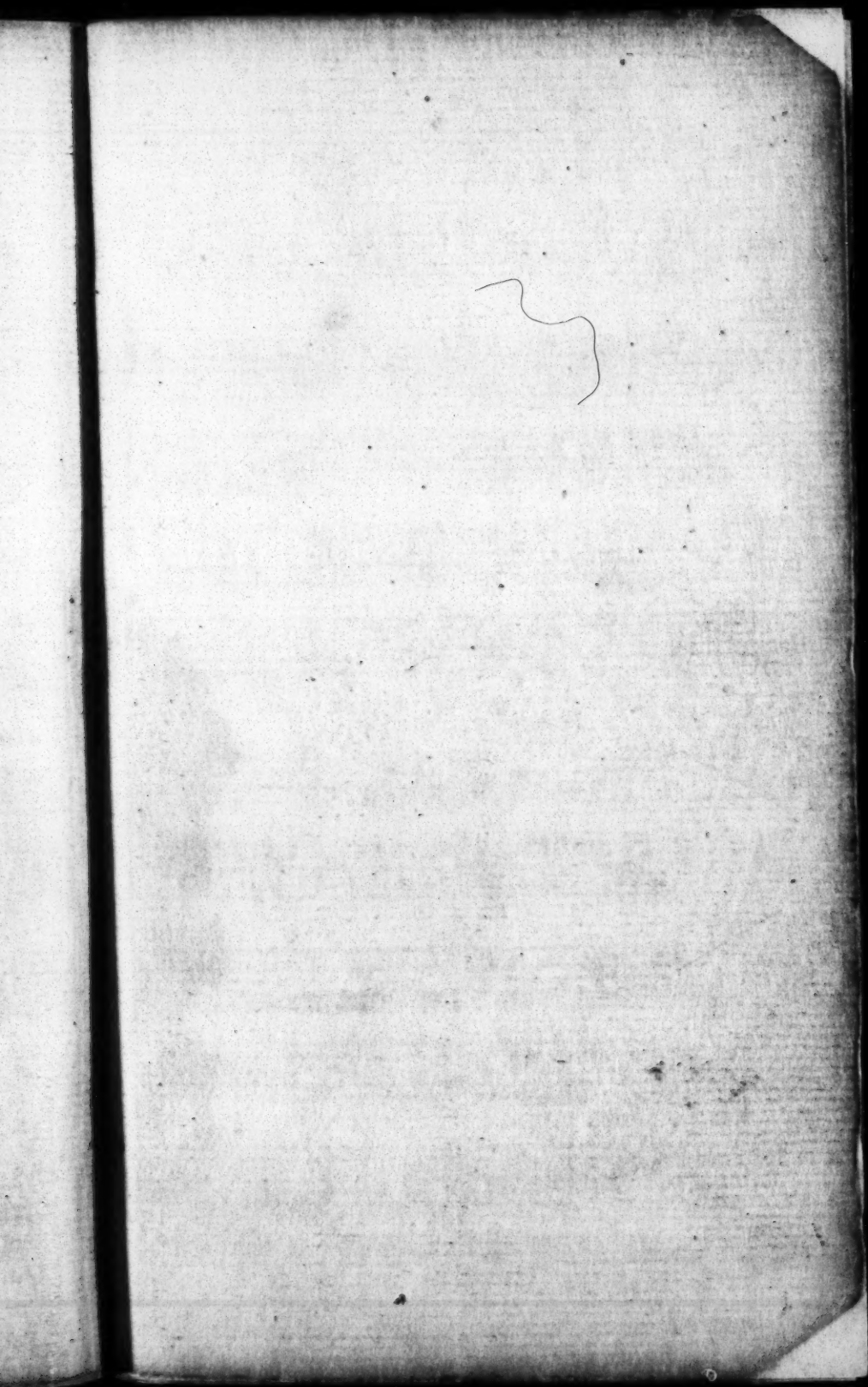
Med.



Bass.

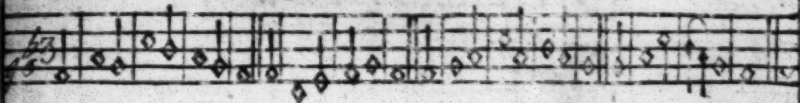






Cant.

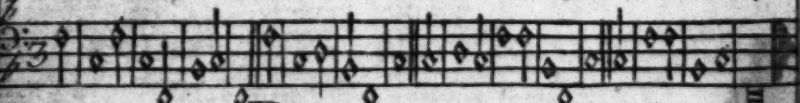
PSALM CVIII.



Med.



Bass



Cant.

PSALM CXIIIS



Med.



Bass



Cant.

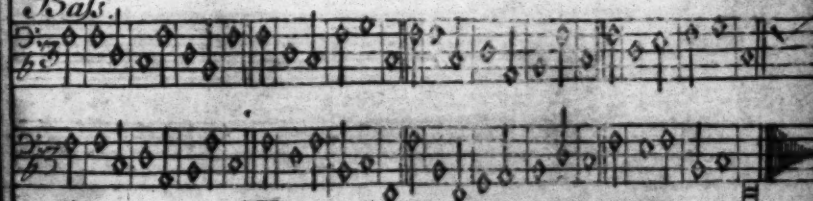
PSALM LXXXI.



Med.



Bass.



Cant.

PSALM LXXXV.

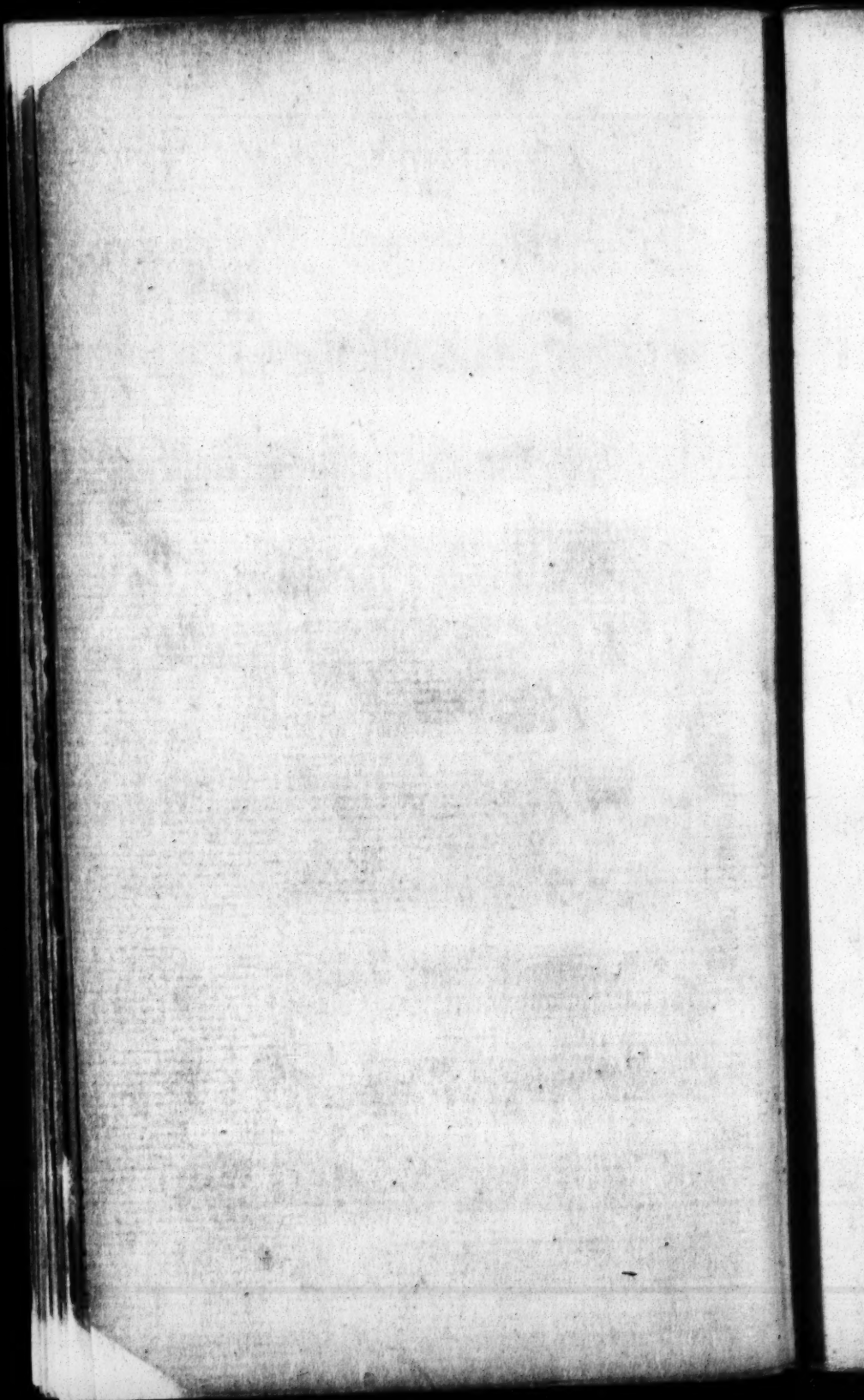


Med.



Bass.





Cant PSALM 136.

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is labeled *Right* and the bottom staff is labeled *Bass*. Both staves contain a series of diamond-shaped notes connected by lines, with some notes having stems.

Palatine Hymn.

Altus.

Dycantus.

Tennor.

Bass.

Tennor.

Buckland.

Altus.

Med.

Bass.

* Tho. Johnston sc.

B.

Cant. *London old.*



Med.



Bass



Cant. *on the Divine use of Musick.*



Med.



Cant.

Bristol.



Med.



Bass.



Cant.

Isle of White

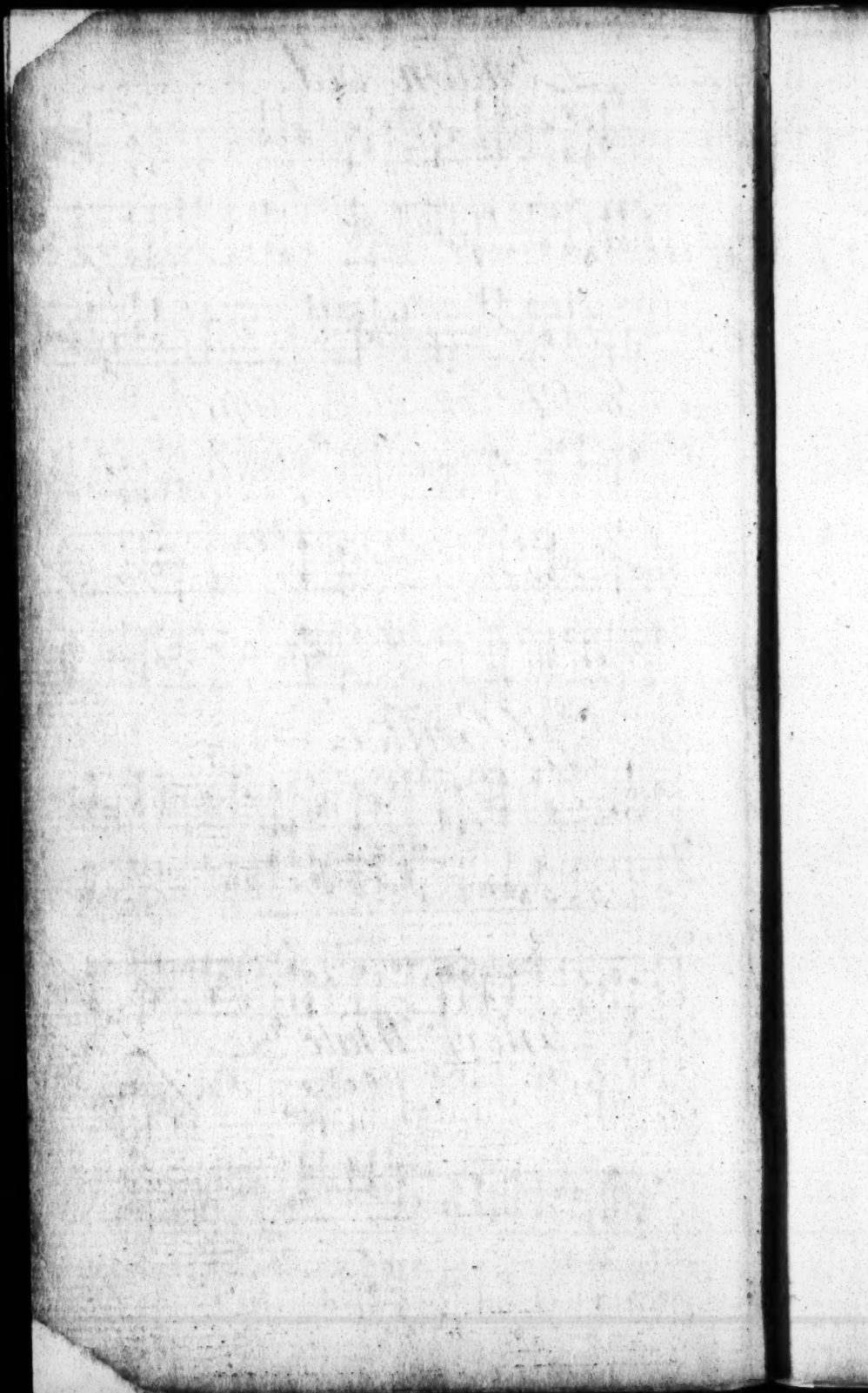


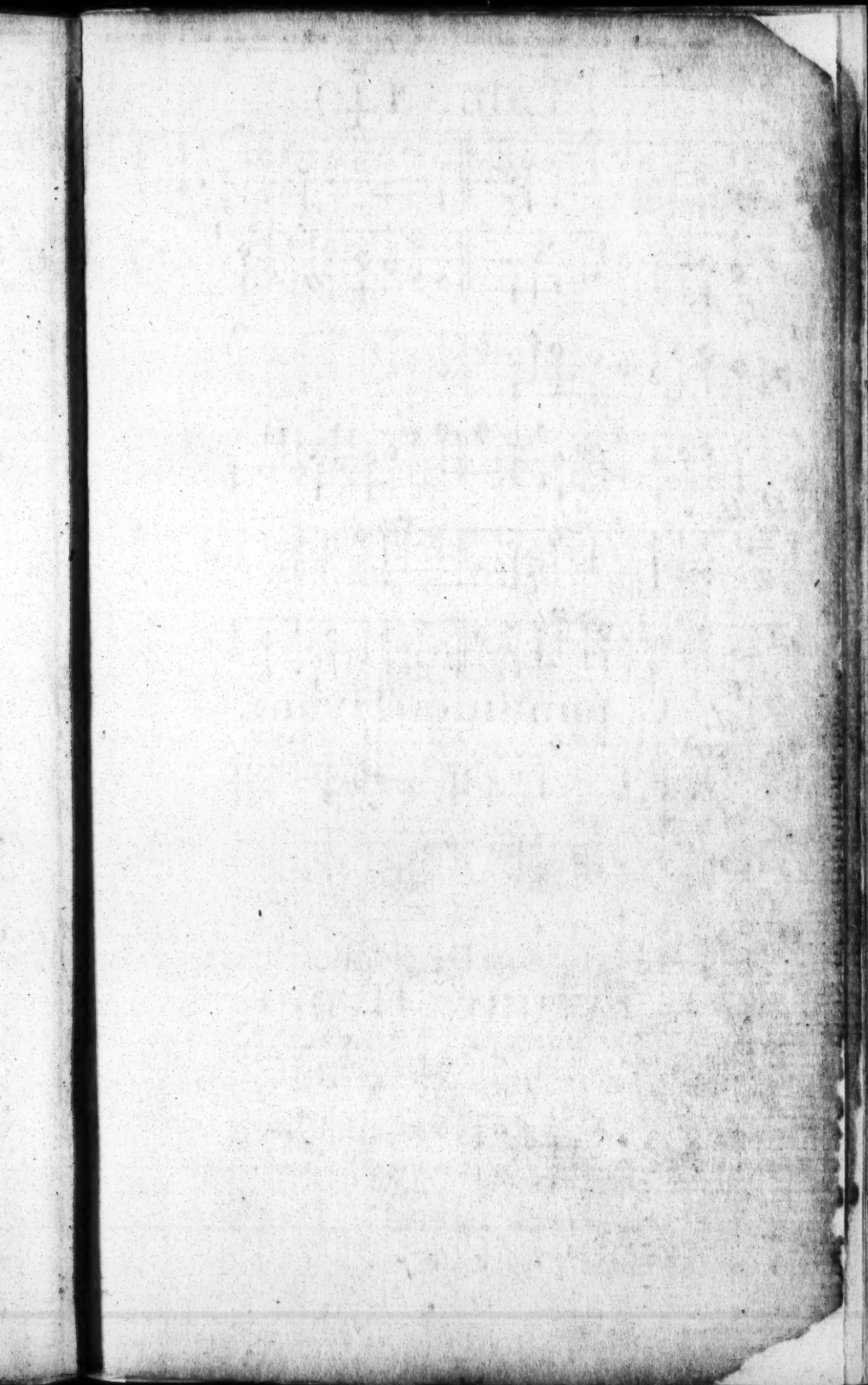
Med.



Bass.







Psalm 149.

Cant.



Med.



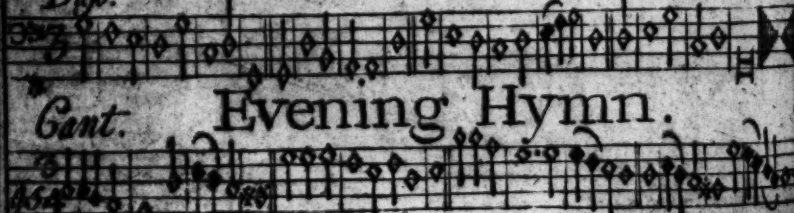
Bass.



Cant. Communion Hymn.



Med.



Bass.



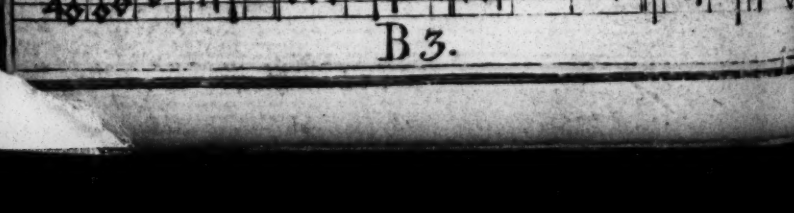
Cant. Evening Hymn.



Med.



Bass.



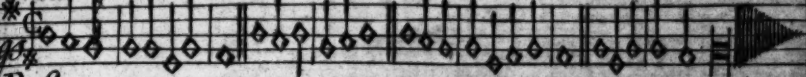
St. David's.

152

Cant.



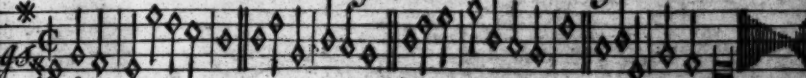
Med.



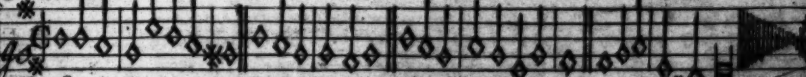
Bass.



Cant. Hackney or St. Mary's.



Med.



Bass.

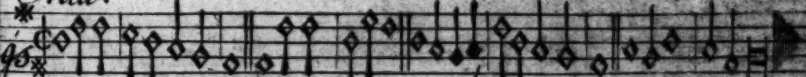


St. Humphrey's

Cant.



Med.



Bass.

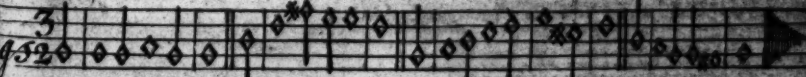


St. Peter's.

Cant.



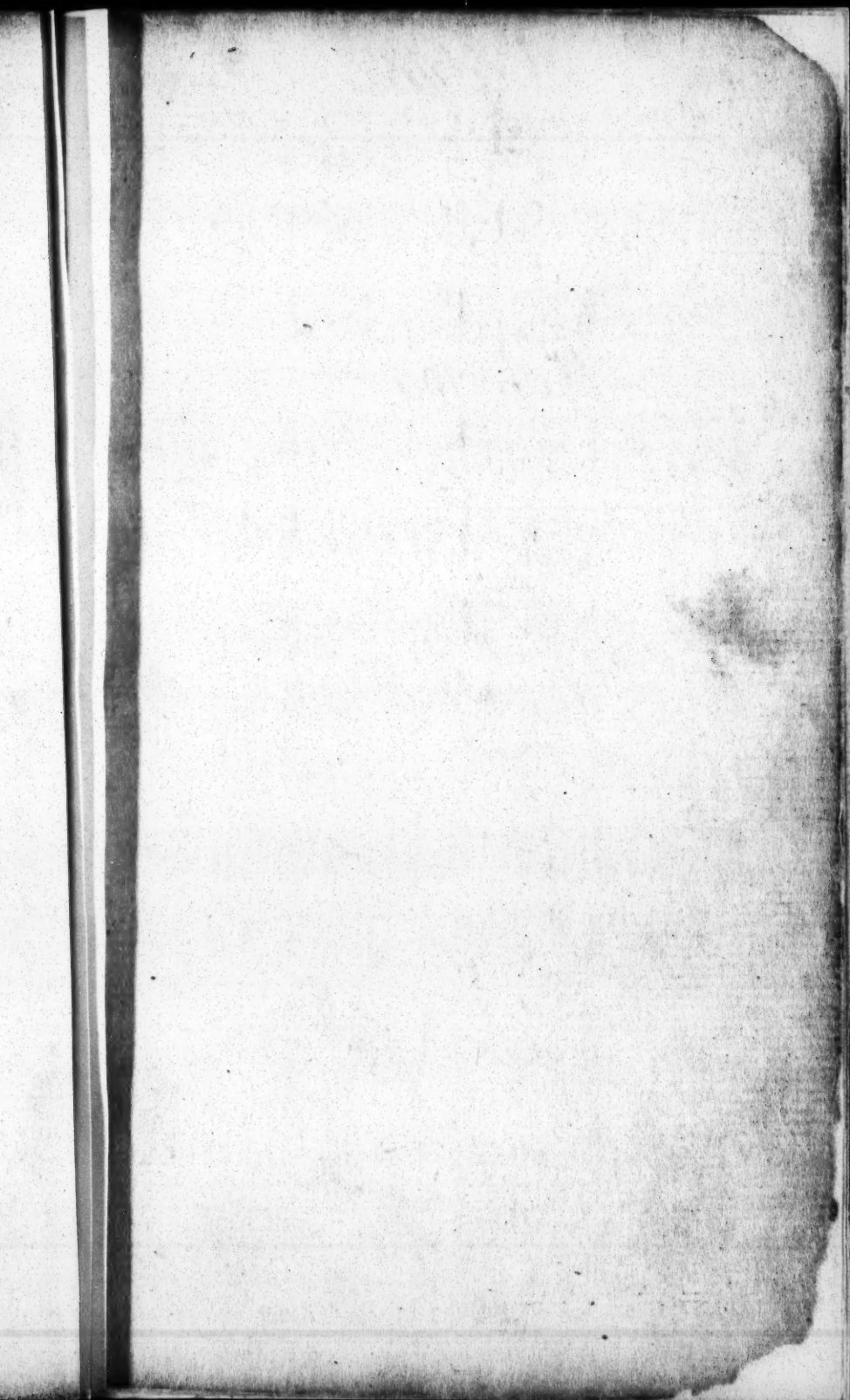
Med.



Bass.



15 00 61



Cant.

Martyr's.



Med.



Bass



Cant.

Worcester.



Med.



Bass



Cant.

Sabbath Hymn.



Med.



Bass



Cant.

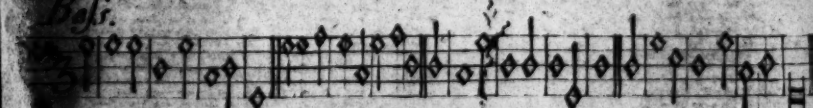
Quercy.



Med.



Bass



Cant. *Warwick or far.* ¹⁰⁰ 14

Med.
Bass

This block contains the musical notation for the first piece, 'Warwick or far.'. It includes a Cant. (Cantata) part and a Bass part. The Cant. part is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The Bass part is written on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). Both parts are in 3/4 time. The Cant. part begins with a 'Med.' (Moderato) marking. The notation consists of diamond-shaped notes and rests, typical of early printed music.

Cant. *Coulchester*

Med.
Bass

This block contains the musical notation for the second piece, 'Coulchester'. It includes a Cant. (Cantata) part and a Bass part. The Cant. part is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The Bass part is written on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). Both parts are in 3/4 time. The Cant. part begins with a 'Med.' (Moderato) marking. The notation consists of diamond-shaped notes and rests.

Cant. *York*

Med.
Bass

This block contains the musical notation for the third piece, 'York'. It includes a Cant. (Cantata) part and a Bass part. The Cant. part is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The Bass part is written on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). Both parts are in 3/4 time. The Cant. part begins with a 'Med.' (Moderato) marking. The notation consists of diamond-shaped notes and rests.

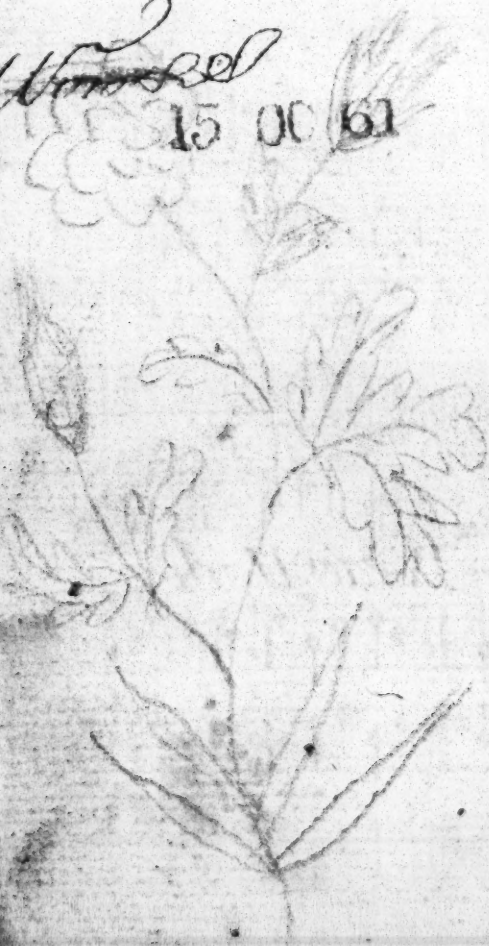
Cant. *New York*

Med.
Bass

This block contains the musical notation for the fourth piece, 'New York'. It includes a Cant. (Cantata) part and a Bass part. The Cant. part is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The Bass part is written on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). Both parts are in 3/4 time. The Cant. part begins with a 'Med.' (Moderato) marking. The notation consists of diamond-shaped notes and rests.

15	1/2 37 1/2
15	5 1/2
1 - 15 16	100 - 5 1/2
1 - 10 - 0	1 7
0 - 7 - 6	1.10.0
5 3 0	26
3 3 0	17
1 - 14 - 4	11

~~Attested~~
 15 00 61



$1 - 14'' 0$
 $0 - 15'' 0$
 $6 - 3$

$13 - 6$
 12

 $35 - 6$

$2'' 16'' 11$

 $6'' 9$

 $3 \ 7 \ 3 \ 7 \ 0$

W/7



Cant.

PSALM CXIX.



Med.

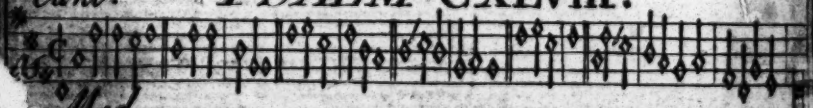


Bass.



Cant.

PSALM CXLVIII.



Med.



Bass.



Cant.

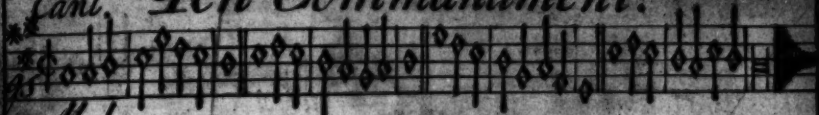
Canterbury



Med.



Cant. Ten Commandment.



Med.



Bass.



Cant.

PSALM C.



Med.



Bass.



Cant.

PSALM CXXXVII.



Med.



Bass.



1 load of Good

1 C to each 1 Day

1 C to half a day work

1 C to half a days work

15 00 61

Sabin, Mary

Sept. 22

Medfield

Sabin, Mary

Sept. 22
Medfield

